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HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

From the Literary Gazette.

*** **P**OMPEII, which was entombed in a softer substance, is getting daily disencumbered, and a very considerable portion of this Grecian city is unveiled. We entered by the Appian way, through a narrow street of marble tombs beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. We looked into the columbarry below that of Marius Arius Diomedes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a centry-box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand: proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several streets, and entered what is called a coffee-house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone: we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign (not a very decent one) near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage wheels, and holes are cut thro' the side stones for the purpose of fastening animals in the market place; and in certain situations are placed stepping stones, which give us a rather unfavorable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two little beautiful temples; went into a surgeon's house, in the operation room of which

chirurgical instruments were found; entered an ironmonger's shop, where an anvil and hammer were discovered; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven, and grinding mills, like old Scotch-querns. We examined likewise an oilman's shop, and a wine shop lately opened, where money was found in the till; a school in which was a small pulpit with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre; a temple of justice; an amphitheatre, about 220 feet in length; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, tricliniums, beautiful Mosaic; altars, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient wall with a part of a still more ancient marble frieze, built in it as a common stone; and a stream which has flowed under this once subterranean city, long before its burial; pipes of Terra Cotta to convey the water to the different streets; stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolate silence of the place.

The houses in general are very low, and the rooms are small, I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and a cistern.

Every thing seems to be in proportion ; the principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side pavements of about 3 feet ; some of the subordinate streets are from 6 to 10 feet wide, with side pavements in proportion ; these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps. - - The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks and imitations of marble, but in general poorly executed. I have observed, on the walls of an eating room, various kinds of food and game tolerably represented ; one *woman's* apartment was adorned with subjects relative to love ; and a *man's* with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial. The whole extent of the city, not one half of which is excavated, may be about four miles. It is said that Murat employed no less than 2000 men in clearing Pompeii, and that Madame Murat attended the excavations in person every week. The present government have not retained above 100.

The unfolding of the Papyri discovered at Herculaneum is extremely curious and interesting. From the frailty of the material, the progress is extremely slow : perhaps not more than half an inch is opened at a time, and is fixed upon gold-beater's leaf. In appearance the Papyri might be mistaken for parts of calcined branches of trees, the circular folds seeming like the growth of the wood. In looking at these black and indurated masses, it requires an effort to believe them to be full of human knowledge. The number of the rolls is very great ; only two volumes of them, however, have as yet been published ; the last contains fragments of a work of Epicurus, and a Latin poem in hexameters, very much mutilated, apparently descriptive of the contest for empire between Anthony and Octavius. In the next volume will be published a treatise of the philosopher Chrysippus concerning Providence. I believe there was found rolled up in his works a bust inscribed *Epicurus*, which may, perhaps, form a standard for identifying the different heads of the philosopher.—*Travels in Greece, Italy, &c. by H. W. Williams. Published 1820.*

BURCKHARDT'S TRAVELS IN NUBIA, &c.

From the same.

Burckhardt has excited an interest in the public only inferior to Mungo Park.* As this highly valuable volume is only published to-day, we hope that extracts rather than an epitome will be accepted from us.

NUBIA is divided into two parts, called Wady Kenous, and Wady el Nouba (often named exclusively Sayd) ; the former extending from Assouan to Wady Seboua, and the latter comprising the country between Seboua and the northern frontier of Dongola. The inhabitants of these two divisions are divided by their language, but in manners they appear to be the same.

The following is a curious method which the governors of Nubia have devised, of extorting money from their subjects. When any wealthy individual has a daughter of a suitable age, they demand her in marriage ; the father sel-

dom dares to refuse, and sometimes feels flattered by the honour ; but he is soon ruined by his powerful son-in-law, who extorts from him every article of his property under the name of presents to his own daughter. All the governors are thus married to females in almost every considerable village ; Hosseyn Kashef has above forty sons, of whom twenty are married in the same manner.

The Nubians purchase their wives from their parents : the price usually paid by the Kenous is twelve mahboubes or thirty-six piasters. They frequently intermarry with the Arabs Ababde, some of whom cultivate the soil like themselves ; an Ababde girl is worth six camels ; these are paid to her father, who gives back three to his daughter, to be the common property of her and her husband ; if a divorce takes place,

* See Ath. vol. 4, p. 434.

half the value of the three camels goes to the latter. In Upper Egypt, when a wife insists upon being divorced, her husband has the right to take all her wearing apparel from her, and to shave her head: nobody will then marry her till her hair be grown again. The Nubian is extremely jealous of his wife's honour: and on the slightest suspicion of infidelity towards him, would carry her in the night to the side of the river, lay open her breast by a cut with his knife, and throw her into the water, "to be food for the crocodiles," as they term it.

The Arabs on the mountains between Nubia and the Red Sea, are an extraordinary race.

The Bisharye, who rarely descend from their mountains, are a very savage people, and their character is worse even than that of the Ababde. Their only cattle are camels and sheep, and they live entirely upon flesh and milk, eating much of the former raw; according to the relation of several Nubians, they are very fond of the hot blood of slaughtered sheep; but their greatest luxury is said to be the raw marrow of camels. A few of these Arabs occasionally visit Der or Assouan, with senna, sheep and ostrich feathers, the ostrich being common in their mountains; and their Senna is of the best kind. In exchange for these commodities they take linen shirts and Dhourra, the grains of which they swallow raw, as a dainty, and never make it into bread.

Crocodiles seem hardly less dreaded in some parts than the Hippopotamus in others. Crocodiles are very numerous about Shendy. I have generally remarked that these animals inhabit particular parts of the Nile, from whence they seldom appear to move; thus, in Lower Egypt, they have entirely disappeared, although no reasonable cause can be assigned for their not descending the river. In Upper Egypt, the neighbourhood of Akhmim, Dendera, Orment, and Edfou, are at present the favourite haunts of the Crocodile, while few are ever seen in the intermediate parts of the river. The same is the case in different parts of Nubia towards Dóngola. At Berber nobody is afraid of encountering

crocodiles in the river, and we bathed there very often, swimming out into the midst of the stream. At Shendy, on the contrary, they are greatly dreaded; the Arabs and the slaves and females, who repair to the shore of the river near the town every morning and evening, to wash their linen, and fill their waterskins for the supply of the town, are obliged to be continually on the alert, and such as bathe take care not to proceed to any great distance into the river. I was several times present when a crocodile made its appearance, and witnessed the terror it inspired; the crowd all quickly retiring up the beach. During my stay at Shendy, a man who had been advised to bathe in the river, after having escaped the small-pox, was seized and killed by one of these animals. At Sennaar crocodiles are often brought to market, and their flesh is publicly sold there. I once tasted some of the meat; it is of a dirty white colour, not unlike young veal, with a slight fishy smell; the animal had been caught by some fishermen at Esne in a strong net, and was above twelve feet in length. The governor of Esne ordered it to be brought into his court-yard, where more than a hundred balls were fired against it without any effect, till it was thrown upon its back, and the contents of a small swivel discharged at its belly, the skin of which is much softer than that of the back.

Next to Sennaar, and Cobbé (in Darfour) Shendy is the largest town in eastern Soudan. — The government is in the hands of the Mek; the name of the present chief is Nimr, i. e. Tiger. The father of Nimr was an Arab of the tribe of Djaalein, but his mother was of the royal blood of Wold Ajib; and thus it appears that women have a right to the succession. This agrees with the narrative of Bruce, who found at Shendy a woman upon the throne, whom he calls Sittina (an Arabic word meaning our Lady). Gold is the second article in the Sennaar trade. It is purchased by merchants of Sennaar from the Abyssinian traders.

The name of Nouba is given to all the Blacks coming from the slave countries to the south of Sennaar. These

Nouba slaves (among whom must also be reckoned those who are born in the neighbourhood of Sennaar, of male Negroes and female Abyssinians; and who are afterwards sold by the masters of the parents) form a middle class between the true Blacks and the Abyssinians; their colour has a copper tinge, but it is darker than that of the free Arabs of Sennaar and Shendy. * *

Persons from the Hedjaz and from Egypt sometimes pass by Shendy on their way to Sennaar in search of young monkeys, which they teach to perform the tricks so amusing to the populace in the towns of Arabia and Egypt. I was repeatedly asked whether I had not come in search of monkeys, for that my equipments appeared too shabby for a merchant. These monkey-hunters are held in great contempt, as the Negroes say, they spend their whole lives in making others laugh at them.

The lyre (Tamboura) and a kind of fife with a dismal sound, made of the hollow Dhourra stalk, are the only musical instruments I saw, except the kettle-drum. This appears to be all over Soudan an appendage of royalty; and when the natives wish to designate a man of power, they often say the Nogára beats before his house. * *

The next tribe whose territory the caravan crossed was the Hadendoa.

The caravan halted near a village, and I walked up to the huts to look about me. My appearance on this occasion, as on many others, excited an universal shriek of surprise and horror, especially among the women, who were not a little terrified at seeing such an outcast of nature as they consider a white man to be, peeping into their huts, and asking for a little water or milk. The chief feeling which my appearance inspired I could easily perceive to be disgust, for the Negroes are all firmly persuaded that the whiteness of the skin is the effect of disease, and a sign of weakness; and there is not the least doubt, that a white man is looked upon by them as a being greatly inferior to themselves. At Shendy the inhabitants were more accustomed to the sight if not of white men, at least of the light brown natives of Arabia; and as my skin was

much sun-burnt, I there excited little surprise. On the market-days, however, I often terrified people, by turning short upon them, when their exclamation generally was: "Owez bilahi min es-sheyttan erradjim:" (God preserve us from the devil!) * *

It rarely happens that either lions or tigers are killed in these countries; when such an occurrence happens, it is in self-defence; for the inhabitants having no other weapons than swords or lances, have little chance of conquering the king of the forest, of which this district appears to be a favourite haunt. Some of the Shikhs, but very few, have lions' skins in their tents; they appeared to be of middling size; but if the testimony of the Hadendoa may be credited, a lion here sometimes reaches the size of a cow. Persons are frequently killed by them. In the woods wolves, gazelles, and hares abound; and the Bedouins relate stories of serpents of immense size, which devour a sheep entire. The fiercest animals, however, that inhabit these woods are the Bedjawy, or inhabitants of Bedja, themselves. * *

Treachery is not considered here as criminal or disgraceful, and the Hadendoa is not ashamed to boast of his bad faith, whenever it has led to the attainment of his object. The Souakin people assured me that no oath can bind a man of Taka; that which alone they hesitate to break is when they swear, "By my own health." A Hadendoa seldom scruples to kill his companion on the road in order to possess himself of the most trifling article of value, if he entertains a hope of doing it with impunity; but the retaliation of blood exists in full force. Among the Hallenga, who draw their origin from Abyssinia, a horrid custom is said to attend the revenge of blood; when the slayer has been seized by the relatives of the deceased, a family feast is proclaimed, at which the murderer is brought into the midst of them, bound upon an Angareyg, and while his throat is slowly cut with a razor, the blood is caught in a bowl, and handed round among the guests, every one is bound to drink of it at the moment the victim breathes his last.

A GERMAN SHAKSPEARE.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

THE ANCESTRESS ; A TRAGEDY. BY GRILLPARZER.

ANOTHER astonishing genius has very lately devoted himself to the dramatic career in Germany ; by name Francis Grillparzer. He is even a younger man than Adolphus Müllner ; and on the whole, perhaps, promises to effect still greater wonders in the department which he has chosen. We are yet acquainted with only two of his plays, the *Sappho* and the *Ancestress*, and each in its way appears to us to be a master-piece. The former is written on the strict Greek model, and breathes throughout the true spirit of antique lyrical inspiration, turned to the delicate display of all the workings of that most beautiful of the passions, on which, in its finest and purest shapes, the dramatic writings of the Greeks themselves can scarcely be said to have touched. The latter, of which we now propose to give a short account, is written entirely on the romantic plan of Calderon, but its interest is chiefly founded on the darkest superstitions of northern imagination. It is composed throughout, as indeed many of the German dramas of the present time are, in the same light and lyrical kind of versification of which the most charming specimens are to be found in the works of the great Spanish master. It must lose, therefore, not a little of its peculiar character and beauty by being rendered in a style so different as that of our English blank-verse—but even in spite of this disadvantage, enough will remain to satisfy our readers, that the genius of Grillparzer is one of the most pure, masterly, and majestic order.

We have already hinted, that the German poets of the present day are very fond of the doctrine of fatalism ; indeed very few of them seem to think it possible to compose a powerful tragedy without introducing the idea of some dark impending destiny long predetermined—long announced imperfectly—long dreaded obscurely—in the accomplishment of which the chief persons of the drama are to suffer miseries for which

their own personal offences have not been sufficient to furnish any due cause. We have no belief that they are wise in entertaining so exclusive a partiality for this species of interest ; but there is no question the effect it produces in their hands is such as to account very easily for the partiality with which dramas, composed on this principle, are now regarded by all the audiences and almost all the critics of Germany. Neither is it to be denied, that many of the most perfect creations of preceding dramatists have owed much of their power to the influence of the same idea. It lies at the root of all those Greek tragedies, in which the early history of the heroic houses is embodied ; and in later times it has been frequently used both by Calderon and Shakspeare. It is sufficient to mention the *Meditation on the Cross* of the one, and the *Macbeth* of the other.

The present tragedy is a terrible exemplification of this terrible idea ; and it is the more terrible, because the sins of the *Ancestress* are represented as being visited, not by sufferings only, but by sins on her descendants. The scene opens in the chief hall of a gothic castle, the family of which has already become nearly extinct under the influence of that ancestral *Até*, the final expiation of which now draws near its close. Count Borotin and his daughter Bertha are alone in this hall ; and the conversation which they hold will put us in possession of every thing that is requisite for understanding the structure of the piece.

Count. (*Sitting at a table, and looking fixedly at a letter, which he holds with both hands.*)

Well, then, what must be—let it come—I see
Branch after branch depart ; and scarcely now
The wither'd stem can longer be supported.
But one more blow is wanting ; in the dust
Then lies the oak, whose blissful shade so far
Extended round. What centuries have beheld
Bud, bloom, and wither, shall like them depart.
No trace will of our ancestors remain—
How they have fought and striven. The fiftieth year
Scarcely will have passed ; no grandchild more will know
That even a Borotin has lived.

Bertha. (At the window.) The night,
In truth, is fearful : cold and dark, my father,—
Even as the grave. The let-loose winds are moaning
Like wandering ghosts. Far as our eyes can reach,
Snow covers all the landscape, mountains, fields,
Rivers, and trees. The frozen earth now seems
A lifeless frame, wrapt in the shroud of winter :
Nay, heaven itself, so void and starless, glares,
As from wide hollow eyeballs, blackly down
On the vast grave beneath !

Count. How wearily
The hours are lengthening ! *Bertha, what's o'clock ?*

Bertha. (Coming back from the window, and scattering herself with her work opposite to her father.)
My father, seven has just now struck.

Count. Indeed !
But seven ! Dark night already ! Ah ! the year
Is old—her days are shortening—her numbed pulse
Is fault'ring, and she totters to the grave.

Ber. Nay, but the lovely May will come again ;
The fields be clad anew ; the gales breathe soft ;
The flowers revive.

Count. Aye—truly will the year
Renew itself ; the fields unfold their green ;
The rivulets flow ; and the sweet flower, that now
Has fallen away, will from long sleep awake,
And from the white soft pillow gayly lift
Its youthful head, open its glittering eyes,
And smile as kindly as before. The tree
That now amid the storm imploringly
Stretches its dry and naked arms to heaven,
Will clothe itself with verdure. All that now
Lurks in the mighty house of Nature, far
On woods and plains, then shall rejoice anew
In the fresh vigour of the spring.—But never
The oak of Borotin shall know revival.

Ber. Dear father, you are sad.

Count. Him blest I call,
Whom life's last hour surprises in the midst
Of his lov'd children. Give not to such parting
The name of death : for he survives in memory—
Lives in the fruit of his own labour—lives
In the applause and emulating deeds
Of his successors. Oh ! it is so noble,
Of his own toil the scattered seeds to leave
To faithful hands, that carefully will rear
Each youngling plant, and the ripe fruits enjoy,
Doubling the enjoyment by their gratitude.
Oh ! 'tis so sweet and soothing, that which we
From ancestors received to give again
To children, and, in turn, ourselves survive.

Ber. Out on this wicked letter ! Ere it came,
Father, you were so cheerful—scemed yourself
To enjoy. Now, since it is perused, at once
You are untann'd.

Count. Ah, no ! 'tis not the letter—
Its import I had guess'd. 'Tis the conviction,
That evermore is closely fore'd upon me,
That destiny resistless has determined
To hurl from earth the race of Borotin.
See here they write me, that our only cousin
(Whom scarcely I have seen), of all the last,
Besides myself, that bore our name—he too
In years and childless—suddenly by night
Has died. Thus, of our house, at length, am I
Sole representative. With me it falls.
No son will follow to the tomb my bier :
The hireling herald there will bear my shield,
That oft has shone in battle, and my sword
Well proved, and lay them with me in the grave.

There is an old tradition, that has long
Pass'd round from tongue to tongue, that of our house
The ancestress, for some dire crimes long past,
Must wander without rest, till she behold
The last frail branch (even of the stem that she
Herself had planted) from this earth remov'd.
Well then may she rejoice, for her design
Is near fulfilment. Almost I believe
The tale, though strange ; for sure a powerful hand
For our destruction must have been employed.
In strength I stood, magnificently blooming,
Supported by three brothers. On them all
Death prematurely seized. Then home I brought
A wife, as young, as amiable, as lovely,
As thou art now. Our nuptials were most happy.
From our chaste union sprung a boy and girl :
Soon were ye left my only consolation,
My life's last hope. (Thy mother went to Heaven)
Carefully as the light of mine own eyes,
These pledges I watched over, but in vain ;
Fruitless the strife. What caution or what strength
Could from the powers of darkness save their victim ?
Scarcely thy brother had three years attain'd,
When, in the garden for his recreation,
He wander'd from his nurse. The door stood open,
That leads out to the neighbouring pond. Till then
It had been ever closed, but now stood open,
For otherwise the blow had not succeeded.
Ah ! now I see thy tears unite with mine—
Thou know'st the rest already !—I, weak man !
Have garrulously told too oft before
The mournful tale—What more ? Why, he was drown'd
—But many have been drowned. And that he chanc'd
To be my son—my whole, my only hope—
The last support of my declining age—
Who could help this ?—So he was drowned, and I
Childless remain.

Ber. Dear father !

Count. I can feel
The gentle reprehension of thy love.
Childless, unthinking, do I call myself,
When I have thee ? Thou dear and faithful one !
Ah, pray forgive the rich man who had lost
Half his possessions in misfortune's storm,
And, long by superfluity surrounded,
Held himself now a mendicant. Forgive me,
If, in the lightning flash that brought destruction,
The object of affection shone too brightly !
Nay, 'tis most true, I am unjust.—A name !—
Is this of such importance ? Did I live
But for the reputation of my house ?
Can I the sacrifice with coldness take,
Which thou present'st to me, of youth's enjoyments
And life's prosperity ? Of mine existence
Shall the last days be to thy good devoted.
Yes : by a husband's side, who loves thee truly,
And can deserve thy favour, may to you
Another name and other fortune flourish ;
Choose freely from our countrymen. Thy worth
To me will guarantee thy choice.—But now
Thou sigh'st !—Hast thou already chosen then ?
That young man, Jaromir, methinks, of Esschen—
Is it not so ?

Ber. Dare I confess ?

Count. Didst thou
Believe, that from a father's eyes could be
Concealed the slightest cloud upon thy heaven ?
Yet should I not indulge in some reproof
For this ? That I must guess, what long ere now
I should have fully known ? Have I in aught

To thee been harsh ? And art thou not to me
My dear and only child ? Thou call'st him noble,
And noble are his deeds. Bring him to me ;
And if he stands the proof, much good may follow :
Though of our house extinct, the spreading lands
Fall to imperial power, yet to support
A moderate lot, enough will still remain.

Ber. Oh ! how shall I—&c.

The deliverance of Bertha from the hand of robbers, by this bold and beautiful youth, is described at great length—then the beginnings of their love—and last of all, the fears of the youth and the maid that their love might not be approved by the haughty Count Borotin. “ Though himself,” says she,

Descended from a noble race, he bears
Their pride without their fortune—poor and needy
As he is now, I've heard him say, he fears
That the rich Borotin some other meed
Might for his daughter pay, but not herself.

The Count relieves her fears, and expresses his anxiety to see the youth. Bertha leaves him, and ascends the watch-tower to look out over the forest in case she may see her lover. The old count being left alone, falls into a slumber. The clock strikes *eight*. At the last stroke the lights are extinguished. A blast of wind rushes into the apartment—the storm is heard roaring without, and, after an extraordinary rustling noise, there appears, close by the chair of the old man, the spirit of the *Ancestress*. Her features and form closely resemble those of Bertha, but she wears a long white funeral veil, and her eyes have the cold fixed stare of death. She bends over the Count with an expression of inexpressible sorrow and commiseration. The Count (disturbed in his sleep) exclaims,

Count. Away—away—begone ! (*He awakes.*)

Ha ! art thou there,

My Bertha—nay, it was a fearful dream,

That rous'd mine inward senses. Take again

The harp, my daughter !—Music will revive me.

(*The spectre has raised itself again, and stares at the Count with eyes wide open.*)

Count. (*terrified.*) Why dost thou stare so horribly upon me—

So that my heart within me thence revolts

With horror,—in my bones the marrow freezes !

Away with such a look ! avert thine eyes !

So did I see thee in my dream ; and yet,

My brain is burning. Wilt thou kill thy father ?

(*The spectre turns away, and goes a few steps towards the door.*) So—now I know myself again, but whither,

Child, art thou going ?

(*The ghost turns again, when at the door, and in a sepulchral tone, says,*) Ance. Home ! (*Exit.*)

Count. (*Falls back on his seat, as if thunderstruck, and, after a pause, says,*) Ha ! what is that ?

Have I been dreaming ? Did I not behold
My daughter stand before me—hear the words
That were like death, and feel my blood run cold
At the dread ghostly look ? And yet my daughter,
My gentle Bertha ! Where art thou ? Ho ! Bertha ?

Enter Bertha and Gunther, the chamberlain.

Ber. (*Rushing forward.*) Dear father, what's the matter ?

Count. Art thou there ?

What has disturb'd thee ? Tell me, how is this,
That thou unkindly, like a midnight spirit,
Roam'st thro' the desolate hall, with strange demeanour,

To scare the life-worn sleeper ?

Ber. I, my father ?

Count. Aye, thou ! what ? thou art ignorant, and yet
Could'st fix thy staring corpse looks, even like daggers
In thine old father's heart !

Ber. My looks ?

Count. Aye, thine !

Lift not thine eye-lids up so fearfully,
There ! so it was !—Yet no—more fix'd and stern !—
Stern !—language has no word for such an aspect.
Look'st thou upon me now so soothingly,
To efface th' impression of that painful moment ?
'Tis all in vain. Long as I live, to me
That frightful image will before me stand—
Even on my death-bed it will haunt me still.
Look'st thou as mild as moonlight on a soft
And lovely evening landscape, yet I know,
At pleasure thou can'st kill.

Ber. Alas ! my father,

What have I done to move thee thus ? why seel'st
My guiltless eyes that anxiously in search
Of thine, with tears of sorrow now are filled,
That I left thee asleep, and thoughtlessly
Went forth awhile.

Count. Went forth ? Not so ! because
Thou wert here present.

Ber. I ?

Count. Nay, did'st thou not
Stand in that place, shooting thy dead cold arrows
Through my defenceless bosom ?

Ber. While you slept ?

Count. Just now ; 'tis but a moment since.

Ber. In truth,

I came now from the balcony. When sleep
Had seized you, I went longing out to try
If I could meet with Jaromir.

Count. For shame !

Girl ! dost thou mock me ?

Ber. Mock thee ? I, my father ?

The old Steward of the family, who has entered the apartment, confirms the statement of Bertha—and after a pause—he ventures to say, that the superstition of the neighbourhood represents the shade of the Ancestress, as loving to appear in the very form described by the Count—adding, that whoever looks on her picture, which is preserved in this very hall, must be convinced the

Ancestress resembled Bertha in feature no less than in name. Bertha before this has laboured to believe her father had only seen a dream—but adds she—

And yet 'twas only yesterday, my father,
I went by twilight thro' the ancestral hall.
Midway, there hangs a mirror, halfobscur'd,
And full of stains. Yet there I stood a-while,
At the dim glass to arrange my dress. Just then,
When I had put both hands down to my sash,
(There, father, you will laugh at me, and I
Myself must laugh at mine own childish fear ;
Though at the moment only with chill horror,
Could I behold that image so distorted ;)
When, as I said, both hands I had applied
To tie my sash, then in the glass my shadow
Most unaccountably appeared with arms
Raised to its head ; and, with a chilling horror,
In the dark mirror I beheld my features
Frightfully chang'd ; the same, and yet how different
Holding even such resemblance to myself
As one in health to her own lifeless corse.
Wide staring were its eyes, at me directed ;
And its gaunt bony fingers seem'd to point
Some fearful warning !

Gun. Wo ! the Ancestress !

Count. (*As if struck by some terrible and sudden idea, and springing up.*) The Ancestress !

Ber. (*Surprised.*) What said'st thou ?

Gun. Have you not,
My noble lady, in that hall beheld
Her portrait, which to see, bears that resemblance
It seems as if yourself, in life and health,
Had to the painter sat ?

Ber. Oft times I've seen it,
Not without wonder ; and to me it was
The dearer for that likeness.

Gun. Then you know not
The legend that has gone from tongue to tongue ?

The legend is, that this Bertha of a former age, was the wife of the Lord Borotin ; and being detected in adultery, was slain by the dagger of her husband. The husband, however, did not suspect that his son was the issue of sinful love ; and his lands and his name descended to a bastard—from whom the present noble race are sprung. In memory of this domestic tragedy, the dagger by which the lady had fallen, is still hung by the wall of the apartment in which they are assembled : while the troubled spectre itself is compelled to wander about the scenes of her former guilt, till the last of the race that has through her deceit become possessed of the honours of the house of Borotin, shall have died. Whenever any accident of misery or death is about to befall that house, the spectre becomes visible—rejoicing that a step towards her own

repose had been gained ; yet shuddering and lamenting, with the feelings of a mother, over the sufferings that come upon her children. There is something too awful to be dwelt upon, in this deep and thrilling dream of superstition—but surely there is poetry enough in it, to redeem every fault it may be charged with.

The Count and his daughter retire ;—and after a pause, Jaromir, her lover, rushes panting into the hall, a broken sword all bloody in his hand—the Steward follows him, and learns that he has just been assaulted by a band of robbers in the forest, and with difficulty escaped. Upon this, the Count and his daughter return, and Borotin is informed by the mode of their address, that he sees before him the deliverer of Bertha. The Count immediately proclaims his gratitude and his approbation of their love.

Jar. I stand astonished and ashamed.

Count. How so ?

So should we feel. Our gratitude so mean,
Thy deed so noble.

Jar. Noble ! Oh ! could I

But say that it had cost me aught—some wound
Had I to show, even but a trifling scar,
For a remembrance. Oh ! it vexes me
Most deeply, such a prize to have retriev'd,
And paid no price.

Count. Nay, modesty becomes
A youth ; but let him not thus undervalue
His own deserts.

Ber. Believe him not, my father !
He loves to slight himself : and long ago
I knew this of him. Oft he lay before me,
And kiss'd my feet, and with pain broken voice,
Weeping, he cried aloud, " My dear, dear, Bertha,
I am not worthy of thee !"—He unworthy !
Of me unworthy !

Jar. Bertha !

And soon after ends the first act.

Fatigued and weary, Jaromir retires to his chamber, but he is disturbed there in a manner for which our readers may already be prepared.

An hundred mouths make horrible grimaces
At his bed's foot—there dawns a steady light,
As of the moon—and there a vision rises,
With closed up dead eyes—but with features lovely,
Even to decay, well known, for they are Bertha's.

Bursting from his bed-chamber into the dark and deserted hall, we hear him exclaiming thus :

Jar. What, has all hell broke loose, and all on me
 Alone its malice pour'd ? Dire grinning ghosts
 I see before...upon me...all around ;
 And terror, as with vampire throat, sucks out
 The life-blood from my veins ; and from my brain
 The marrow of right reason. Oh ! that I
 Had never enter'd here ! Upon the threshold,
 An angel stood and welcom'd me. Within
 All hell is lodged. Yet, whither have I stray'd,
 By inward anguish driven ? Is this not still
 That honourable hall, that when I came,
 Received me ? All is silent, for the sake
 Of those who sleep. Silent ! what if they knew
 My strange disorder ? Ha ! what sounds are these ?
 (*Listening at the door of Bertha's apartment.*)
 Sweet tones ! I know them well, and fain would
 drink

Those accents on the lips that gave them birth.
 Listen ! Ha ! words ! she prays, perchance for me ;
 Pure spirit, now I thank thee !

(*Listening again.*) "Heavenly powers !
 Assist us !" Aye, indeed ; assist us, heaven !
 "And save us !" From my heart I join the prayer,
 Save us ! Oh ! from myself may Heaven protect me !
 Thou sweet pure being, I can stay no longer ;
 I must from hence, and fly to her ; fall down
 Prostrate, and in her sacred presence gain
 Freedom and peace from Heaven. Aye, she, indeed,
 O'er such a visitant may offer up
 Her orisons as o'er a lifeless frame ;
 And, from the influence of her breath, shall I
 Rise consecrated. (*He approaches the door. It
 opens, and the Ancestress appears, with both her
 hands making signs to him to retire.*) Ha ! thou
 lovely one,

And art thou here ?

'Tis I, dear Bertha, frown not,
 Repel me not by these cold looks, but grant
 That I may once again enjoy the rapture,
 Leaning on thy pure angel breast to draw
 From the blue heaven of those unclouded eyes,
 Quiet and consolation.

(*The ghost steps forward from the door, which closes behind her, and repeats the same gestures.*)

Must I go ?

Nay, but I cannot, cannot while I view thee
 So ravishing before my raptur'd sight,
 All round thee seems enchanted ground. I feel
 That on my bosom's gloom new splendour dawns,
 Visions that long have slept, once more awake,
 In all their glory. Could'st thou see me suffer ?
 Shall I before thee perish ? Let my voice
 In supplication move thee. Let me follow
 Into thy chamber. Can true love deny
 What love requests ?

(*Going towards her.*) Ha ! Bertha, my own Bertha !

(*As he approaches her, the ghost extends her right arm, and points with her finger.*) (*Jar. falling back with a cry of terror.*) Ha !

Ber. (*From within.*) Heard I not Jaromir ?

(*At the first sound of Bertha's voice, the ghost sighs, and retires slowly. Before she disappears, Bertha comes forward, but without observing the ghost, looking only at Jaromir.*) Ber. (*With a light.*) What, art thou here ?

Jar. (*Following the ghost with his eye, and with outstretched arms.*) There—there—there—there !

Ber. Dear Jaromir, what is it ?
 What moves thee thus ? And why towards that
 dark corner

Look'st thou so wildly ?

Jar. (*Stepping back.*) Here and there, how's this ?
 Nowhere and every where ?

Ber. Good Heavens ! explain !
 What are you thus ?

Jar. By Heaven, I am a man ;
 And "What man dares I dare !" Even let the devil
 Appear against me ! Count, if in my pulse
 Can be perceived the irregular throbs of fear ;
 Yet must he come alone, and openly,
 And in his proper shape—nor thus enlist
 In my wild fancy and distemper'd brain,
 Whole troops of his auxiliaries against me.
 Comes he like some huge giant, clad in steel
 From top to toe, and gifted with the powers
 Of darkness, or surrounded by an halo
 Of light from hell, I will deride his rage,
 And boldly hurl defiance in his teeth :
 Or comes he as a lion of the woods,
 I shall resist him without apprehension,
 Will meet his fiery eyes with looks as fierce,
 Grapple for grapple—equal unto equal ;
 But let him not employ the finest art
 Of hell, that cunning and deceitful, rouses
 One's own internal powers against himself.

Ber. (*Hastening towards him.*) My Jaromir ?

Dear Jaromir !

Jar. (*Stepping back.*) Away !
 I know thee, beauteous form—Should I approach,
 Thou would'st dissolve into thin air, my breath
 Would thee annihilate.

Ber. (*Embracing him.*) Nay, could a phantom
 Embrace thee thus ; or could a wandering shadow
 Thus look upon thee ? Feel, it is thy Bertha
 That lies within thine arms.

Jar. 'Tis so, indeed.
 I feel thy warm heart beating, and thy breath
 Fanning my temples.

The Count comes in while they are
 yet talking in this manner, and having
 heard the cause of the noise that has
 disturbed him—he utters these words
 too full of meaning :

Ha ! so they begin
 Already to acknowledge him for mine !
 In realms of darkness is it known so soon ?

The alarm that has occurred, renders
 the whole party unwilling to return to
 their own apartments, and they remain
 conversing in the hall, when sudden-
 ly there is heard a loud knocking at the
 gate of the castle, and Jaromir betrays a
 perturbation that astonishes Bertha.
 He reassures her, however, and the
 Steward introduces a captain, who, as
 it appears, has been engaged with a
 band of robbers in the forest—the band
 has been vanquished, and he has traced
 the last relics to the neighbourhood of

the castle. Borotin makes the officer welcome to his castle, and all the aid he can give him, and introduces to him Bertha as his daughter. The officer seems to regard Jaromir with a strange kind of expression, but is told he is the son-in-law of the Count, and his suspicions are at an end. He proceeds to describe the ravages committed by these banditti, and expresses his regret that so many of them should have fallen by a death too noble for their deserts—The dialogue is very animated here ;

Capt. No, no ! the wheel—the block should be their doom.

Ber. Nay, nay—this is too cruel ; when thou judgest Thy fellow men, still shew humanity.

Capt. Nay, lady, had thou seen what I have witnessed, Thou would'st close up thy heart, and bar its gates (As to an insolent beggar) on compassion.

Those smoking ruins, rendered visible
By their own flames ; old men in terror trembling,
Women lamenting, children left to weep
On a dead mother's bosom ; all around
A devastated waste. Hadst thou seen this !
And then to think this havoc all was caused
By the vile thirst of gold, the avarice
Of a few miscreants, who—

Jar. (*Stepping forward and seizing him.*) This lovely being,

Whose inward soul, like a fine mirror, shews
All nature smiling, all the world at rest,
Because herself is pure and innocent,
Why would'st thou trouble thus ? Why strive to blot
That mirror with the poison of revenge,
The breath of hatred ? Let her still enjoy
The sweetness of compassion ! In the fallen,
Still recognise a brother in distress—
Forsooth, it well becomes the broken reed
To scorn the shatter'd oak !

Capt. Nay, let the wood
So shatter'd straight be cast into the fire !

Jar. A sharp judge with the tongue thou art. Perchance

Thine arm in action may not be so rapid !

Capt. Ha ! how am I to understand these words ?

Jar. Even take them, sir, as I have given them to you.

Capt. Were it not in this place—

Jar. Aye—very true.

Elsewhere, perchance, thy conduct were more guarded.

Capt. Warmly, I see, thou would'st defend these robbers.

Jar. Whoe'er is in distress shall gain my heart.

Capt. The best among them, let him come, and I—

Jar. Call him aloud ! Perchance he will appear !

An end is put to this untimely altercation by the old Count—who insists on attending the captain in person, during his pursuit of the remaining banditti—the agitations—the reluctance—and the bitterness of Jaromir, are all accounted for by the fatigues and terrors

he himself had so lately undergone ; and the youth returns to his chamber at the same moment when the soldiers issue again from the castle to continue their pursuit. Before he goes, Bertha binds her blue scarf around his arm, as a token of their acknowledged and approved love.

Bertha meantime, and the old Steward, gaze on the operations of the soldiers from the window of the hall—for the robbers are suspected to be lurking somewhere in the ruinous part of the edifice, and the torches they bear give light enough to make their movements visible. A cry is heard, and a rushing towards a particular corner—one of the pursuing party is seen lying wounded on the ground, but it appears the robber has still succeeded in making his escape. In an instant after, Jaromir rushes again into the hall—his scarf is torn and bloody—and Bertha cannot account for the new terrors that are painted on his face. But it is needless to give the details of a discovery which is already foreseen by the reader. One of the soldiers comes in to inform Bertha, that her father has been wounded, and it is no longer to be concealed that Jaromir has had his part in the scene that has just been going on without the castle. Jaromir, as Bertha begins already to suspect, is a robber ; and the moment her suspicion is hinted the youth speaks thus :

Jar. Ha ! well then !...all is past...the thunderbolt
Has struck at last, wherewith the skies so long
Were loaded, and I freely breathe again !
Although I feel the stroke, and feel that all
My hopes are gone... 'tis well...now all is past !
That bond must now be broken...that delusion
Must all dissolve. And shall I tremble thus,
To bear the name of that which, without shrinking,
I have been in reality ? No more
Need I deceive. Farewell, ye fine-spun falsehoods,
Ye never were my choice. That which I bore
Deep in my heart, and yet from her conceal'd...
That prov'd my bitterest sorrow !...Well ! the lightning
Has struck at last...the storm is over now.
Freely I may speak out whate'er my heart
Feels inwardly. My soul is free again !
—Unhappy Bertha ! yes, I am the man
Whom thou hast named...whom officers pursue...
He whom all tongues have curs'd...whose name is placed
Next to the devil, when the peasant says
His litany at evening...whom the father
Holds as a dread example to his children,
In whispers warning them, " Beware of sin,
Lest it should lead you on to be like him !"
Aye, I am he, unhappy girl, well known
To wood and wold, whom murderers hail as brother...

I am the robber Jaromir !

Ber. Wo ! wo !

Jar. And art thou trembling, Bertha ? Can a name
Thus fill thee with affright ? Oh ! be not thus
So soon beguil'd. That part which even to hear
Has thus alarm'd thee, I too oft have play'd
In very deed. These eyes, which thou hast lov'd,
Have been the horror of the traveller.
This voice, to thee so soothing, has assisted
The robber's arm, and with terrific tone
Unmann'd the victim, till that arm had struck.
Nay, even this hand, which rested oft in thine,
With innocent blood has been defil'd !

Look not

So doubtfully, sweet being !—Aye, 'tis true !
I am the man ! Because mine eyes are fill'd
With tears, mine arms hang powerless, and my voice
Is faltering now—think'st thou that I am not ?
Alas ! the robber has his hours of pain,
When the full sense of his dire fate awakes,
And forces this emotion. Bertha ! Bertha !
'Tis true indeed that he whose tearful eyes
Now search in vain to meet the gleams of thine,
Is Jaromir the robber !

Ber. Oh, heavens ! Away !

Jar. Aye, thou art in the right ! almost had I
Forgotten what I am—No more of this !
Cowardly tears, no more !—And shall a robber
Presume to indulge in feelings like to those
Of other mortals ? Shall the precious dew
Of tears be granted to his burning eyes ?
Away !—Cast out from brotherhood of men,
To thee be every solace too denied !
Despair and hatred only be thy portion !—
How with myself I may have fought, and striven,
And suffered,—this, my worldly judges, ask not !—
Before their bloody bar, all inward proofs
Of guilt or innocence are disregarded—
Deeds only will they judge. Now, if your wrath,
Wise lords, have sealed my sentence, I shall mount
With a light step the scaffold ; and to thee
My voice will call aloud, Almighty Power !—
In mercy thou wilt hear my prayer. To thee,
Whate'er my wounded bosom bears in secret
Freely I shall unfold. Oh ! righteous Heaven !
Thou wilt in mercy judge, nor utterly
Destroy the heart that with keen anguish throbs,
And deep repentance.
Born and bred up with robbers—of their deeds
Involuntary witness—unacquainted
With every better school—debar'd the rights
Of property, the sweets of social life,
The wealth of learning, and religion's aid—
The robber's son—wilt thou, Eternal Judge,
Condemn, because he turn'd a robber too,—
Thus imitating those whom he held dear—
Led on to crime even by a father's hand ?
Thou know'st how, at his waking from the dream
Of childhood, he beheld his lot with terror.
He wished to fly, and tried to find a path
For his escape—Oh, Heaven !—but found it not.
Thou know'st how, since the hour when first I met
Her who has now accused me, I renounc'd
My wild pursuits !—Thou know'st—but wherefore thus
Prolong my words ?—Even tho' my heart is broken,
She hears me not, but bars the gates on pity.
Thou, Everlasting Light, know'st all my suffering :
She unrelenting hears not, but remains
Turn'd coldly from me. Well, then, be it so !
Now all is ended. I no more regard

How soon my blood shall dye the scaffold now :
For she already has my death accomplished.
Now Justice raise thine arm—I smile at thee !

(*He is rushing out, when Bertha starts up, and recalls him.*)

Ber. Oh, Jaromir, stay—stay—

Jar. What do I hear ?

My Bertha's looks are turn'd on me again !
Her voice recalls me, and on golden wings
Brings back my life. (*He hastens to her.*) My Bertha
—my own Bertha !

Ber. Leave me !

Jar. No ! I will leave thee not again !

Ah ! shall the miserable man, almost
From shipwreck saved, driven on the watery waste,
Forake the land that sweetly shone to meet him ?
Receive me—Oh, receive me ! All that yet
Remains of life's past influences—save this,
My love for thee alone—I cast away,
Back to the stormy waves. As a new being,
Pure as in infancy, I kneel before thee,
To learn and to repent !—Oh ! rescue me—
Save me !—Oh, rule me as a parent rules
An unresisting child ; so that my feet
May stumble not in the new world unknown !
Teach me to tread thy paths—at last to obtain
Tranquillity and joy. Teach me to hope,
To pray, even to be holy, like thyself.

My Bertha !—and shall never more one look
Be turn'd upon your weeping supplicant ?
Be not severer than the Heavenly Judge,
Who, mid the sinner's last repentant hours,
Refuses not the splendour of his sunbeams,
Even on the scaffold—Ha ! I feel this trembling !
Yes, thou art mine again—my own beloved
Bertha ! wife ! angel !—Let this earth decay ;
I have already here secured my heaven !

The plot now thickens fearfully. Jaromir parts from Bertha on the conclusion of this most affecting dialogue (of which we have only given a specimen.) She knows him to be a robber, but her love forgives every thing to the offender of fate and circumstance ; she still adheres to the troth she had plighted ; and promises to meet her lover, at midnight, at a particular window in the ruinous part of the castle—thence to fly with him for ever, and link all the residue of her fate with his. At the moment when the youthful pair join hands in token of their confirmed engagement, the *Ancestress* appears in the back ground, wringing her hands behind them, and pointing to the ground with a woful sternness. Jaromir has no arms ; and seeing a dagger hanging by the wall, he takes it down. "Take it not," says Bertha, "it is the dagger by which the guilty *Ancestress* of the Borotins perished—it is of evil omen." At the moment when he grasps the weapon, the *Ancestress* disappears, folding her ghast-

ly features in the long wrappings of her sepulchral veil. Bertha is afraid that Jaromir has taken the dagger for the purpose of self-destruction ; but to shew her that not such were his intentions, he draws from his bosom a phial of poison, which he tosses at her feet. She lifts the fatal present—Jaromir retires into his own apartment—and here closes the third act.

At the commencement of Act IV, the old Count Borotin is brought in wounded ; and when they propose to bear him to his chamber, he refuses. The last of the Borotins, he says, must die in the hall of the Borotins, and a couch is spread for him in the midst of the floor—the armour and the portraits of his ancestors hanging on every side around him. While he is taking leave of his daughter, the Captain comes in and informs him, that one of the robbers, whom they have seized, has a piece of intelligence, which he is anxious, above all things, to communicate to him before he dies. The robber, an old man, Boleslav, is introduced. His story is, that the son of the Count was not drowned, as had been believed, but stolen from the castle gate by himself in his infancy.

And where and what is he ? (*cries the dying man*)

What ! is my son

A robber ?—Heaven ! he answers not my question.

Oh, that he would say *No* ! But he is silent.

My son a robber ! Had the watery gulf

Devour'd him (though my grief had been severe),

Or had his name remain'd for ever hid,

'Twere better, than to be thus join'd with robbers.

But why am I so rash ? Oh, Heaven, I thank thee

For this one gleam of light !—Was it his choice ?

Bring him, good friend, bring him to me with speed

And I will thank thee still, even for the robber !

Bol. Nay, he is in your castle.

Count. Here ?

Bol. My lord,

Unknown to you that stranger, who, to-night,

Wearied and pale, came here to seek protection—

Ber. (*Interrupting him.*) How ? Jaromir ?

Bol. The same.

Count. Thou demon ! Hold !

Take back those horrid words ! Thou fiend from hell, I say, recall them !

Bol. Nay, my lord, 'tis true.

Count. Recall thy words.

Bol. My lord, in truth, I cannot.

Count. (*Raising himself with his whole strength from the couch.*) Thou shalt, by Heaven !

Capt. (*In a soothing tone to the Count.*) My lord !

(*Then pointing to Boleslav.*) Away with him !

Bol. (*To the Captain.*) Pray, noble sir !—

Capt. I say, away with him !

(*Boleslav is led out.*)

Count. He goes and leaves his words yet unretreated :

So bury me ye walls ! Destruction come !

Fall down, ye pillars, that this earth uphold !

The son has slain his father !

It is thus that Borotin dies : Bertha is left lying on the floor in a stupor of agony, from which she, after a pause of several minutes, awakes wildly, and speaks.

And am I called for ? Yes, my name is Bertha....

But no ; I am alone ; (*Rising from the ground.*) All silent, silent ;

Here lies my father ! lies so still, and moves not !

All silent, silent, silent. Oh how heavy

My head feels now ! Mine eyes, how dim they are !

I know that many things have come to pass,

And, meditating, I would dwell upon them ;

But a strange light, that burns upon my forehead,

Consumes the wildering images.

Hold, hold !

Said they not that my father was a robber ?

No, not my father—No, no ; Jaromir !

So was the robber named ; and from the bosom

Of a poor girl, he stole the heart away,

Even while she deem'd it most secure, and left,

In place of the warm heart, a cold, cold scorpion,

That now with venomous teeth still gnaws and gnaws.

And by slow torments wears her life away !

And then there was a son who kill'd his father !

(*Joyfully.*) My brother, too, came back ! my drown'd, lost brother !

And he, my brother—hold, hold !—down, I say—

(*Her hand convulsively press'd on her breast.*)

Back to thy cell again, thou poisonous reptile !

There gnaw and tear my vitals—But be silent !

(*She takes a light.*)

Aye, now I'll go to sleep—to sleep ! The dreams

Of slumber are so soothing—horrid visions

But haunt our waking eyes.

Her wandering looks now happen to notice on the table the phial, which (in the third act) she had insisted on taking from Jaromir.

But what is this

So glittering on the table ? Oh, I know thee,

Thou precious phial ! Was it not a gift

From my bridegroom—a marriage-gift ? and then

Said he not, as he gave it me, that here,

In that small cradle, sleeping, lay the god

Of everlasting sleep ? Now, let me try—

Let me but sip a few drops from thy brim,

To cool my burning lips. But, softly ; softly ;

Softly.

[*With the intention here expressed she endeavours to walk on tiptoe towards the table : but at every step, being now quite exhausted by the conflict she has undergone, she totters more and more, till without obtaining the phial, she falls to the ground ; and here the Fourth Act is terminated.*]

The beginning of the fifth act represents Boleslav, who has been set at lib-

erty, as seeking Jaromir in his lurking place. The unhappy boy, before this man joins him, is tormented by a thousand mysterious revulsions of thought at the deed by which his own safety had been purchased.

Jar. And if what I have done be right, then wherefore

Has this dark horror seiz'd me ? Wherefore thus
Should my brain burn—and my blood turn to ice ?
Wherefore should this persuasion haunt me still,
That in the moment of that obscure deed,
The Devil urg'd and Heaven drew back mine arm ?
As in my flight a follower gain'd upon me,
I felt his breath already on my neck,
Almost his hands had reach'd me ; and just then
Some inward voice exclaim'd "Resign thyself !
Thy weapons cast away ! Fall at his feet ;
'Tis sweet from Sin to fly, even to the arms
Of Death !" But with a sudden fire awakening,
Within me all the robber rag'd anew,
And irresistibly demanded blood !
Then a strange rushing noise was all around,
And all before me held a fluttering motion ;
A multitude of goblins, pale as moonlight,
Whirl'd in a circling dance : And in my hand
The dagger, like a brand from hell, was glowing ;
"Rescue!—defend thyself !" was call'd aloud,
And in blind rage I struck at my pursuer ;
It was enough—a faltering moan succeeded.
In a well-known and honour'd voice it rose,
And the faint tone betoken'd death. All trembling,
I heard the voice. A supernatural horror,
With ice-cold talons, seiz'd me. Through my brain
Delirium rush'd. Shuddering, I sought to fly,
Though, go where'er I might, the murderous brand,
Like that of Cain, will gleam upon my forehead ;
And evermore my struggles are in vain
To quell that moaning voice. In hollow murmurs
It rises ever on my tortur'd ears.
If to myself I say, 'twas but my foe
That I have slain,—then Hell with scorn reminds me,
That was no enemy's voice.

The following is part of the conversation that passes between Boleslav and Jaromir. The old robber is communicating to the boy the true secret of his birth.

Bol. This castle's halls first heard thy voice in
childhood ;
Here first thine eyes beheld the light ; and here,
Unconsciously in its possessor's arms,
Hast thou first gain'd the embraces of a father !
(Upon which Jaromir shrieks out, "No ! No !" and
the robber continues.)
It is as I have said : Come now,
And go with me to him. The law that deals
Too hardly with a robber will be milder
Against the son of one so rich and noble.
Come with me, while 'tis time. He lies there wounded.
And who can tell how short his life may be ?
Only just now, when in pursuit of us,
Round this old gloomy castle, he was struck

By the sharp dagger of a runaway.

Jar. Thou fiend ! Malicious fiend ! And with one
word

Wouldst thou destroy me ? Art thou so presuming,
Because I bear no arms ? Nature, 'tis true,
Does little : Yet she gave me teeth and talons ;
Hyena weapons with Hyena rage,
Thou serpent ! I will tear thee limb from limb ;
And if thy words can kill, yet thou shalt know
These hands are yet more deadly.

Bol. He is mad !

Help ! Rescue ! Help !

[He runs out.]

Jar. And must I then believe
This demon's words ? Ha ! were they true : This tale,
Whereof the thoughts alone, the possibility
But dimly shadow'd, freezes up my blood,
Was it then true ? Aye, aye ; it is ! it is !
No dream, but all reality ! I hear,
In my heart's deep recesses, and all around me,
A supernatural voice that murmurs, "Aye !"
And the black spectre forms that float before me
Nod with their bloody heads a horrid "Aye !"
Ha ! now that voice, that in a murderous hour
Rose from my fallen pursuer comes again,
And moaning, faltering, dying murmurs, "Aye !"
He was my father ! he my father ! I
His son ! his only son ! and—Ha ! who spoke there ?
Who spoke that word aloud—that from himself
The murderer pale and trembling keeps concealed
In his heart's deepest folds ? Who dared to tell it ?
His son, and murderer ! Ha ! his son, his son,
And murderer !

[Suddenly covering his face with both his hands.]

All that on earth is held
Most precious, holy, venerable, dear,
And consecrated : All combin'd, reach not
In sanctity a father's hoary head.
Balm from his tongue distils ; for he who gains
A father's blessing merrily may sail
Thro' life's rough waves, and at the tempest smile :
But, who, by impious rage of passion driven,
Against him lifts his sacrilegious arm,
Is held of Heaven abandoned and accurs'd.
Aye ! I can hear, with trembling horror now,
How speaks the Eternal Judge, "All other crimes
Find their atonement : But the Parricide
Shall gain forgiveness—never !"

But our limits prevent us from being able to give any more of the terrible lamentations and ravings of the unhappy boy. Sensible as he now is of all the accumulated horrors in which he has become involved—he is still anxious to see Bertha once more, and lingers near that window of the castle vault at which she has promised to meet him. While he lingers, a light from another range of windows in the same part of the building attracts his attention—he climbs up, and, looking in, sees the chapel filled with priests and mourners surrounding the hearse of his father. Nothing can be conceived more awful than this situ-

ation—the choral lamentations and prayers peal upon his ear from this holy place like the accents of another world—and he flies from the scene of misery to bury himself in a vault beneath.

This vault is the burial place of the Borotins. Conspicuous in its background appears the lofty monument of the ANCESTRESS. In the fore-ground appears an elevated platform or bier, covered with a black shroud. Jaromir enters now in a state of delirium. We give the whole of this last scene.

Jar. So here I am at last. Now, courage ! courage ! A shivering sound is breath'd along these walls, And even the slightest words reverberate, As from another's voice. Where'er I go, There lies before me, on the dusky ground, A long black line of blood ; and though my heart Revolts, and Nature shudders at the sight, Still I must follow the dire traces. Ha ! Who touches me so coldly ?

[His own hands meet by accident.
My own hand ?

Yes ! it was mine. And art thou now so numb'd And icy-cold, erewhile by the warm glow Of youthful blood pervaded ? Icy-cold, And stiffened like the murderer's—murderer's hand !

[Thoughtful and with fixed eyes.
Dreams—idle dreams ! Away ! Now for repose ! Now for the wedding festival ! My love ! Bride ! Bertha ! Why art thou so late ? Come, Bertha !

[The Ancestress then steps from the monument.]

An. Who calls ?

Jar. What, art thou there ? Then all is well. My courage is restored to me again. Come to these arms, my Bertha ! Let me kiss Thy pale cheeks into red ! But wherefore thus So timidly retiring ? And thy looks, Wherefore so mournful ? Courage, dearest, courage ! And is thy wedding then so melancholy ? I am so glad and joyous—look at me ! And as I feel, so too should'st thou. Pray, mark me. I know such marvellous histories, and adventures, So strange, I needs must laugh at them—lies all, Nay, lies for certain—yet most laughable ! Look you, they say now (courage, courage, child !) They say thou art my sister ! thou my sister ! Laugh, dearest ; why wilt thou not laugh, I say ?

(The Ancestress replies to his raving in a hollow voice.) Thy sister I am not.

Jar. Thou say'st it still So mournfully. My sister, laugh, I say ! And then my father, [He pauses.] Come, but we waste time—

No more of this ! All is prepared for flight. Come, come.

An. Where is thy father ?

Jar. Silence !

Silence, I say !

An. Where is thy father ?

Jar. Wife,

Be silent, and no more torment me thus !

Thou hast beheld me but in milder words ; But when the dark power rules within my heart, And speaks aloud, the lion in his rage To me is but a lap-dog. Blood I cry ! And he that is the nearest to my heart Is to my dagger nearest. Therefore, silence !

An. (With increasing energy) Where is thy father ?

Jar. Ha ! who gave thee power

To call me to account ? Where is my father ?

Know I myself ? Mean'st thou the pale old man, With venerable silver locks ? Then mark you, Him have I sung to sleep, and he sleeps now—Sleeps, sleeps ! Yet many times he moves himself, Then turns again to rest. Closes once more His heavy eyelids, and, with some faint murmurs, Sinks into slumber. But no more of this, Bertha, art thou deluding me ? Come now, Let us from hence away ! Why shake thy head As if in cold denial ? Perjur'd girl, Ungrateful ! Is it thus that thou rewardest My faithful love, and all that I have done ? Whate'er on earth was to my soul most dear, This world or heaven, I do renounce that I May call thee mine. If thou could'st know the sufferings,

The pains of hell that gnaw my heart in sunder, Could'st thou but know the torment of a conscience Deep stained, like mine, in blood, thou would'st be milder,

Nor thus deny me now !

An. Begone ! Away !

Jar. What ! ? begone ! No never without thee ! We go together ; and if even thy father Himself withheld thee, with that ghastly wound, Whose bloody lips wide-yawning call me murderer, Thou should'st not from my arms escape.

An. Begone !

Jar. No, No ! I tell thee no !

(There is a noise heard of a door thrown violently open.) An. Listen ! they come !

Jar. So be it then ! Life, Bertha, at thy side, Or death. But still, together we remain ?

(Another door opens.) An. Fly, fly, ere yet it is too late !

Jar. My Bertha ! Come hither, love !

An. Thy Bertha I am not !

I am the Ancestress of this fallen house ! Thou child of sin, I am thy sinful mother !

Jar. Those are my Bertha's cheeks, her form, her bosom !

Thou shalt with me ! Here passion rages still, And pleasure waves me onward ?

An. See then here

The bridal ornaments I have prepared !

She now tears the black cover from the raised platform, and the real Bertha appears lying dead in her coffin. Upon which Jaromir starts back with horror, and exclaims, "Woe ! woe !" but almost instantly recovering himself, he believes the whole to be a delusion.

Jar. Deceitful birth of hell ! In vain !—

I leave thee not ! Those are my Bertha's features, With her my place must be !

In pronouncing the two last lines, he runs after the Ancestress, who says,

Then come thou lost one !

And opens her arms, into which he immediately throws himself, but starts back with a cry of horror—he staggers a few paces, and then sinks down on Bertha's coffin. At this moment, the doors are burst open, and Gunther, the Captain with his band, and Boleslav the robber rush in. The Captain says,

Murderer, yield thyself, thy hour is come.

The Ancestress then stretches out her arm, and they remain staring at her with astonishment and terror. She then leans over Jaromir, and with the words,

Thou hopeless victim, part in peace !

She kisses him on the forehead, then lifts up the shroud, and spreads it mournfully over both the dead bodies, (for her kiss proves instantly mortal to Jaromir) then with lifted hands, she exclaims,

Now then,

Is all fulfilled ! Thro' fate's dark night of horror,

Be prais'd Eternal Power ! Receive me now,

Thou silent cell ! *The Ancestress comes home !*

She moves with solemn pace back to the monument ; and when she has vanished into its gloomy recess, the Captain's party come forward intending to seize Jaromir.

Capt. Ha ! now we hold him certain.

Gunther, the old steward, hastens to the bier, lifts up the covering, and says, weeping,

He is dead.

There is one remark only which we cannot forbear making ere we conclude our sketch of this most beautiful and soul-subduing tragedy. It is a tale of incestuous love—but it is the only tale of that kind which was ever presented, either in a dramatic or in any other form, without wounding the ear of the hearer, or the eye of the spectator. There is one tragedy, indeed, (the *Mirra* of Alfieri,) founded on the same species of interest, which is in one respect no less pure—but those who remember the structure of that magnificent tragedy, will be at no loss to see the reason for the preference we have given to the Ancestress. The love of the brother and

the sister is love conceived in ignorance—love, which not to have been conceived between such personages so situated, would have appeared an absurdity, or rather an impossibility to such a poet as Grillparzer. It is a love, pure and ethereal, unconsciously, as it were, melted away into heavenly purity—by that very law of heaven that forbids the union of the unhappy, but, in so far as their love is conceived, the not guilty lovers. It seems as if we felt the mysterious breath of nature, playing coolly and calmly over their burning brows—not extinguishing the passion, but purging all dross from the flame. We know, indeed, and feel that the disappointment of such a passion is a thing not to be survived by creatures so young—so ardent—so entirely living in their love. But the death which we foresee, comes before us not in the shape of a punishment, but of a predetermined expiation of guilt long since punished on her that committed it,—demanding no pardon for those that die that it may be forgotten. We see Jaromir laid upon the virgin hearse of Bertha without a shudder—with a calm and acquiescing reverence for the horror that has laid him there. Such indeed is the entire mastery of his love in his breast, and in the fable of the poet, that the other, the yet darker, because completed, horror—the parricide—is almost forgotten in its contemplation. The tears of Jaromir have wiped out all his other guilt ; when he dies, we regard him as dying only for his love.

The creation of the character of Bertha is another thing, in praise of which too much could not be said ; but we believe we might safely leave that to the imagination and the hearts of our readers. What beautiful use is made of the resemblance between her and the guilty spectre mother—how that resemblance subdues all feelings of horror for the sins of the departed, into sympathy with the sufferings of those that tread in life before us—how it raises also, into a mysterious sublimity, those living lineaments which might otherwise have expressed only the mild tenderness and mild ardour of young and hoping love. The horror which we feel for the shroud

of the one, (when the unhappy youth mistakes her for his mistress,) is soon communicated to the bridal garland of the other—and we revolt, with an instinctive tremour, from the idea of that very love which excites, at the same moment, our admiration, and our reverence, and our sympathy.

The miserable ghostlike face of the universe, described in the very first speech of this unfortunate maiden, prepares us to look on all around her and us as wrapped in snow and ice. Life seems all like the forest on which she gazes—dreary—frozen—benumbed—black—trodden only by footsteps of guilt and misery—echoing only the shouts of bloodshed, revenge, and death. Even amidst all the beautiful feelings called out by Bertha's confession of her love to her father, the predominating darkness of her destiny hangs out distinct and visible. The vision she sees in the mirror is an omen that cannot be mistaken. True from the beginning do we feel to be the words of Borotin,

My poor, poor child, you have been born for sorrow.

The composure of expectation with which the old man throughout contemplates the coming extinction of his hopes and his house—the calmness with which he meets even the poniard blow of his son—his dying words so full, not of forgiveness, but of something that supersedes and excels all forgiveness;—all things, in son, in daughter, and in father, partake of the same universal tinge of foreseen misery not to be contended with, not to be averted, claiming and receiving only a desperate meekness and a terrible resignation.

But the *Ancestress* herself is one of the characters of the piece, and surely

she is no less admirably conceived and preserved than any of the others. This is not a subject for speaking about; but every thing in the words and gestures of this wandering spectre bespeaks the utmost perfection and entireness of imagination. Whenever she appears, the atmosphere around the living creatures among whom she walks is changed—her breath stops theirs, and chills their blood with the damp and icy vapours of the tomb. The words she speaks are few—"Whither go you, Bertha?"—"HOME," and truly that HOME was desolate enough; but she points to it with her waving finger, in assurance, that in its desolation she shall soon have rich companionship. There is not a more holy, nor a more awful thought than that of the unity created and nourished among those of the same blood, and never was this thought brought before us in more appropriate and mysterious power, than in the tragedy of the Borotins. The pictures that moulder upon their walls, the green and time-worn forms sculptured over the resting-places of departed knights and ladies—all seem to be imbued with a sort of dim "life in death;"—it seems as if even their decay were not to move beyond its commencement until the last fragments of the line had been swept into the same vault—and all the long series of ancestry and progeny been shut up together within "those ponderous and marble jaws," there to mingle forever in repose the blood and dust that had so often been bequeathed and inherited. It is thus that the axe is at last laid to the root of the blighted oak—and that all the Borotins are gathered to their fathers.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.*

OF Spence and his Polymetis, which Gray slighted, we at present know little. Lempriere has consigned the former to oblivion, and time done nearly

as much for the latter. Dr. Johnson described him as "a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful;" but he acknowledges that his criticism was com-

* *Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men. Collected from the Conversations of Mr. Pope, and other eminent Persons of his time. By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Now first published from the original Papers. With Notes and a Life of the Author. By Samuel Weller Singer. London 1820.*

monly just, that what he thought, he thought rightly, and that his remarks were recommended by coolness and candour. He lived in intimacy, however, with distinguished persons, and his common-place book was enriched with many entries of uncommon interest. As Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and as the intimate friend of Pope, Lowth, Young, Warton, &c. he must have been a man both of talent and worth. He died in 1768, in the 70th year of his age.

We copy, without regard to order, from the volume before us, what appears to be the most striking, and least, if at all known passages. Like the work itself, they may form an amusing Cento.

Each of the four columns that support the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, takes up as much ground as a little chapel and convent, in which one of the architects employed in that work lived: and yet they do not appear big to the eye, because every thing is great about them.—They were designed by Michael Angelo, and he insisted earnestly that nothing should be added or altered in his design. Bernini afterwards undertook to make a staircase within each of these columns; just as they had hollowed and prepared the inside of one of them,* the whole building gave a crash; (and the Italian tradition says it was as loud as thunder). They put up the stairs in that, but would not attempt any more of them.—R.

There is scarce a genteel family at Avignon but has the pictures of Petrarch and Laura in their houses. A lady of that country, who piques herself much on being descended from Laura, took it very ill of Mr. R. that he should say, "Petrarch's love for Laura was only Platonic." Ramsay was obliged to recant the heresy; and write a fable against Platonic love.—R.

Dr. Swift lies a-bed till eleven o'clock, and thinks of wit for the day.—*Dr. Lockier.*

Where we translate it, "the Lord has set his mark upon Cain," the origi-

*There was originally a well for a staircase, and Bernini only put up stairs in it.—*Mr. L. from one of the workmen at St. Peter's in 1751.*

nal signifies a token; and in the Hebrew, to set a token upon any thing, and to preserve it, are equivalent expressions.—*Dr. L.*

The same word in Hebrew signifies blessing and cursing; as they say in Italian: "tu è benedetto;" you are a cursed rascal.—Where we make Job's wife advise him to curse God and die; it should be, Bless God and die, bless him for the good you have hitherto received; and die, to avoid the evils that are now come upon you.—*Dr. L.*

To call by their names was an expression among the Hebrews, equivalent to the being master or having dominion over any thing. Thus God is said to call the stars by their names; and Adam to have given names to all animals.—*Dr. L.*

No one will ever shine in conversation, who thinks of saying fine things: to please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad.—*Dr. L.*

This large statue of Pompey, was probably the very same, at the feet of which Caesar fell; for it was found on the very spot where the senate was held, on the fatal Ides of March. They discovered it in clearing away the ground to make some cellars, for a house that now stands there. The greatest part of the statue lay under that house, but the head of it reached under the ground belonging to their next neighbours. This occasioned a dispute between the two proprietors, which was at last decided by Cardinal Spada. He ordered the head to be broken off, and given to the latter; and the body to the former: you may now see the mark where they were joined again. This decision was not made out of a whim, but very prudentially. From the first, that cardinal had a great desire to get the statue into his own possession, and by this means, he got it much cheaper than he could otherwise have done: for after this division of it, the whole cost him but five hundred crowns.

In the coffee-house yesterday I received a letter, in which there was one word which consisted of but one syllable of but one letter, and yet the fellow had contrived to have three false spellings in it.—*Dr. L.*

That arm, behind the Laocoon, was begun by Michael Angelo, and he left it unfinished, "because, (as he said), he found he could do nothing worthy of being joined to so admirable a piece." It lies there as a testimony of the superiority of the best antient artists over the modern; for, of all the modern sculptors, Michael Angelo is universally allowed to be the best.—*F. at the Belvedere in the Vatican.*

Mareschal Turenne was not only one of the greatest generals, but one of the best-natured men too, that ever was in the world.—Among several other little domestic examples he gave the following. The general used to have a new pair of stockings every week; his gentleman, whose fee the old ones were, had taken them away in the evening, and had forgot to put any new ones in their place. The next morning the Marshal was to ride out to reconnoitre the enemy, and rose earlier than usual. The servant whose business it was to dress him, was in a great deal of confusion at not finding any stockings. "It's very odd," says the Marshal, "that I should be allowed no stockings; but 'tis very lucky that I am obliged to ride out! Here, give me my boots, they'll do as well, nobody will see whether I have any on or not."—*R.*

There are ten thousand six hundred pieces of ancient sculpture of one sort or other now in Rome (relievos, statues and busts). And six thousand three hundred antient columns of marble. What multitudes of the latter sort have been sawed up for tables, or wainscoting chapels, or mixed up with walls, and otherwise destroyed! And what multitudes may there yet lie undiscovered under ground! When we think of this altogether, it may give us some faint idea of the vast magnificence of Rome in all its glory.—*F.*

I wonder how they came not to find out printing sooner? (We had been just speaking of the manner in which the emperors of Rome impressed their names with seals or stamps on their grants and letters.) This method was so common that their very shepherds impressed theirs on their sheep and

cattle. It was in fact a sort of printing, and it would have been as easy to impress a whole line as two words, and a page as a whole line. Had they gone but these two easy steps farther, it would have been just what the Chinese printing is now.—*Stosch.*

At the Count of Toulouse's gallery, the officer said, "My lord is the best of masters; but, alas he grows very old, and, I fear, can't last long; I would with all my heart, give ten years out of my own life to prolong his, if it could be done."—Upon seeing us affected by what he had said; he added: "that this was no great merit in him; that most of his fellow servants would be willing to do the same; that the goodness of their master to them, and the greatness of their affection for him, was so remarkable and so well known, that a friend of the Count's once said to him: I don't know what it is you do to charm all the people about you; but though you have two hundred servants, I believe there is scarce any one of them that would not die to save your life."—"That may be, (replied the Count), but I would not have any one of them die, to save it."

There was a god called Pennus, much worshipped, on the great St. Bernard, some remains of his temple, and I think of his statue, are still to be seen there.—*Count Richa.* [*Pen* signified high or chief. Hence the *Alpes Penninæ* and the *Apennines* in Italy. And with us the *Pen ap pen*, near High Wycomb, in Buckinghamshire: the old *Pennocrusium*, or *Penkridge* in Staffordshire: *Pendennis* in Cornwall: *Penmænawr*, and many others in North Wales.—*Spence.*

There was a Lord Russell who, by living too luxuriously, had quite spoiled his constitution. He did not love sport, but used to go out with his dogs every day, only to hunt for an appetite. If he felt any thing of that, he would cry out, "Oh, I have found it!" turn short round, and ride home again, though they were in the midst of a fine chace.—It was this Lord, who, when he met a beggar, and was entreated by him to give him something, because he was almost famished with hunger, called

him "a happy dog!" and envied him too much to relieve.—*Pope.*

Sir Isaac Newton, though he scarce ever spoke ill of any man, could hardly avoid showing his contempt for virtuoso collectors and antiquarians.—Speaking of Lord Pembroke once, he said, "let him have but a stone doll and he is satisfied. I can't imagine the utility of such studies: all their pursuits are below nature."—*Fr. Chute.*

"How could the Duke of York make my mother a papist?" said the Princess Mary to Dr. Burnet.—"The Duke caught a man a-bed with her, (said the Doctor,) and then had power to make her do any thing."—The Prince, who sat by the fire, said, "Pray, madam, ask the Doctor a few more questions."—*Dean of Winton.*

Mr. Pope said one day to Mr. Saville: "If I was to begin the world again, and knew just what I do now, I would never write a verse."

Reynolds of Exeter, when at Eton, dreamed that his father was dead, and that he was walking in the meadows very melancholy; when a strange woman came up to him, who told him that she was his mother, who died soon after he was born.—She said to him, "Yes, your father is dead, and your mother-in-law has had too much influence over him: he has left all his property to the younger sons: but there is an estate which he had no right to leave away from you: the writings are in Mr. ———'s hands, go to him, and you may recover it."—Reynolds having no news from home of this kind, soon forgot his dream. About a year after, he goes down to his friends, and finds his father very well: but he had been, at the very time of Reynolds's dream, extremely ill, and recovered beyond expectation.—The friends, to whom he related his dream, when he described to them the person of the woman who appeared to him, said, they who had been well acquainted with her, could not have described his mother's person more exactly. About a year after, his father fell ill again, died, and left all to his younger children.—Upon this Reynolds's dream came again into his mind: He goes to the gentleman named to him by his moth-

er in that vision, and finds that it is exactly as he had been told, recovers the estate mentioned, and enjoys it at this day.

Sir Isaac Newton's house at Colds-worth is a handsome structure.—His study boarded round, and all jutting out. We were in the room where he was born. Both of as melancholy and dismal an air as ever I saw. Mr. Percival, his tenant, who still lives there, says he was a man of very few words; that he would sometimes be silent and thoughtful for above a quarter of an hour together, and look all the while almost as if he was saying his prayers: but that when he did speak, it was always very much to the purpose.—*May 14, 1755.—Spence.*

The Duchess of Portsmouth, when she was in England in 1699, told Lord Chancellor Cowper, that Charles II. was poisoned at her house, by one of her footmen, in a dish of chocolate.

Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader came in. "Nephew, (said Sir Godfrey) you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world."—"I don't know how great you may be (said the Guineaman), but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man better than both of you together, all muscle and bones, for ten guineas."—*Dr. W.*

Ambrose Philips was a neat dresser, and very vain. In a conversation between him, Congreve, Swift, and others, the discourse ran a good while on Julius Cæsar. After many things had been said to the purpose, Ambrose asked what sort of person they supposed Julius Cæsar was? He was answered, that from medals, &c., it appeared that he was a small man, and thin-faced.—"Now, for my part," said Ambrose, "I should take him to have been of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress; and five feet seven inches high: an exact description of Philips himself. Swift, who understood good breeding perfectly well, and would not interrupt any body while speaking, let him go on, and when he had quite done, said; "And I, Mr. Philips, should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches high: not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding-sleeves."—*Dr. Young.*

POISONING OF FOOD, &c.

From the Literary Gazette.

A TREATISE ON ADULTERATIONS OF FOOD, AND CULINARY POISONS; EXHIBITING THE FRAUDULENT SOPHISTICATIONS OF BREAD, BEER, WINE, SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS, TEA, COFFEE, CHEESE, PEPPER, MUSTARD, &c. &c. &c. BY FREDERICK ACCUM. London 1820.

BREAD.

WE have already given a taste of this subject, but the adulteration of so important a necessary, demands further notice.

This is one of the sophistications of the articles of food most commonly practised in this metropolis, where the goodness of bread is estimated entirely by its whiteness. It is therefore usual to add a certain quantity of alum to the dough; this improves the look of the bread very much, and renders it whiter and firmer. Good, white, and porous bread, may certainly be manufactured from good wheaten flour alone; but to produce the degree of whiteness rendered indispensable by the caprice of the consumers in London, it is necessary (unless the very best flour is employed), that the dough should be *bleached*; and no substance has hitherto been found to answer this purpose better than alum.

Without this salt it is impossible to make bread, from the kind of flour usually employed by the London bakers, so white, as that which is commonly sold in the metropolis.

The best flour is mostly used by the biscuit bakers and pastry-cooks, and the inferior sorts in the making of bread. The bakers' flour is very often made of the worst kinds of damaged foreign wheat, and other cereal grains mixed with them in grinding the wheat into flower. In this capital, no fewer than six distinct kinds of wheaten flour are brought into market. They are called fine flour, seconds, middlings, fine middlings, coarse middlings, and twenty-penny flour. Common garden beans, and peas, are also frequently ground up among the London bread flour. * * *

From experiments, (continues the author, after describing the process of baking at length) in which I have been employed, with the assistance of skilful bakers, I am authorised to state, that without the addition of alum, it does not appear possible to make white, light, and porous bread, such as is used in this metropolis, unless the flour be of the very best quality.

Another substance employed by fraudulent bakers, is subcarbonate of ammonia. With this salt, they realise the important consideration of producing light and porous bread, from spoiled, or what is technically called *sour flour*. This salt, which becomes wholly converted into a gaseous state during the operation of baking, causes the dough to swell up into air bubbles, which carry before them the stiff-dough, and thus it renders the dough porous; the salt itself is at the same time, totally volatilised during the operation of baking. Thus not a vestige of carbonate of ammonia remains in the bread. This salt is also largely employed by the biscuit and ginger-bread bakers.

Potatoes are likewise largely, and perhaps constantly, used by fraudulent bakers, as a cheap ingredient, to enhance their profit. The potatoes being boiled, are tritured, passed through a sieve, and incorporated with the dough by kneading. This adulteration does not materially injure the bread. The bakers assert, that the bad quality of the flour renders the addition of potatoes advantageous as well to the baker as to the purchaser, and that without this admixture in the manufacture of bread, it would be impossible to carry on the trade of a baker. But the grievance is, that the same price is taken for a potatoe loaf, as for a loaf of genuine bread, though it must cost the baker less.

I have witnessed, that five bushels of flour, three ounces of alum, six pounds of salt, one bushel of potatoes boiled into a stiff paste, and three quarts of yeast, with the requisite quantity of water, produce a white, light, and highly palatable bread.

Such are the artifices practised in the preparation of bread.†

WINE. It is sufficiently obvious, that few of those commodities, which are the objects of commerce, are adulterated to a greater extent than wine. All persons moderately conversant with the subject, are aware, that a portion of alum is added to young and meagre red wines, for the purpose of brightening their colour; that Brazil wood, or the husks of elderberries and bilberries, are employed to impart a deep rich purple tint to red Port of a pale, faint colour; that gypsum is used to render cloudy whiteness transparent; that an additional astringency is imparted to immature red wines by means of oak wood saw-dust*, and the husks of filberts; and that a mixture of spoiled foreign and home-made wines is converted into the wretched compound frequently sold in the town by the name of *genuine old Port*.

Various expedients are resorted to for the purpose of communicating particular flavours to insipid wines. Thus a *nutty* flavour is produced by bitter almonds; factitious Port wine is flavoured with a tincture drawn from the seeds of raisins; and the ingredients employed to form the *bouquet* of high-flavoured wines, are sweet-brier, oris-root, clary, cherry laurel water, and elder-flowers.

The flavouring ingredients used by manufacturers, may all be purchased by those dealers in wine who are initiated in the mysteries of the trade; and even a manuscript

† There are instances of convictions on record, of bakers having used gypsum, chalk, and pipe clay, in the manufacture of bread.

§ Dried bilberries are imported from Germany, under the fallacious name of *berry-dye*.

* Sawdust for this purpose is chiefly supplied by the ship-builders, and forms a regular article of commerce of the brewers' druggist.

receipt book for preparing them, and the whole mystery of managing all sorts of wines, may be obtained on payments of a considerable fee.

The sophistications of wine with substances not absolutely noxious to health, is carried to an enormous extent in this metropolis. Many thousand pipes of spoiled cyder are annually brought hither from the country, for the purpose of being converted into factitious Port wine. The art of manufacturing spurious wine is a regular trade of great extent in this metropolis. * * *

The particular and separate department in this factitious wine trade, called *crusting*, consists in lining the interior surface of empty wine bottles, in part, with a red crust of super-tartrate of potash, by suffering a saturated hot solution of this salt, coloured with a decoction of Brazil-wood, to crystalize within them; and after this simulation of maturity is perfected, they are filled with the compound called Port wine.

Other artisans are regularly employed in staining the lower extremities of bottle-corks with a fine red colour, to appear, on being drawn, as if they had been long in contact with the wine.

The preparation of an astringent extract, to produce, from spoiled home-made and foreign wines, a "genuine old Port" by mere admixture; or to impart to a weak wine a rough austere taste, a fine colour, and a peculiar flavour; forms one branch of the business of particular wine coopers: while the mellowing and restoring of spoiled white wines, is the sole occupation of men who are called *refiners of wine*.

Casks are crusted as well as bottles; but—

The most dangerous adulteration of wine is by some preparations of lead which possess the property of stopping the progress of ascension of wine, and also of rendering white wines, when muddy, transparent. I have good reason to state that lead is certainly employed for this purpose. The effect is very rapid; and there appears to be no other method known, of rapidly recovering ropy wines. Wine merchants persuade themselves that the minute quantity of lead employed for that purpose is perfectly harmless, and that no atom of lead remains in the wine. Chemical analysis proves the contrary; and the practice of clarifying spoiled white wines by means of lead, must be pronounced as highly deleterious.

Lead, in whatever state it be taken into the stomach, occasions terrible diseases; and wine, adulterated with the minutest quantity of it, becomes a slow poison. The merchant or dealer who practises this dangerous sophistication adds the crime of murder to that of fraud, and deliberately scatters the seeds of disease and death among those consumers who contribute to his emolument.

Perhaps the following extract on this subject will convey information to the majority of our readers, though unconnected with the poisoning practice.

When the must is separated from the husk of the red grape before it is fermented, the wine has little or no colour: these are called

white wines. If, on the contrary, the husks are allowed to remain in the must while the fermentation is going on, the alcohol dissolves the colouring matter of the husks and the wine is coloured: such are called red wines. Hence white wines are often prepared from red grapes, the liquor being drawn off before it has acquired the red colour; for the skin of the grape only gives the colour.

All wines (besides brandy, or alcohol,) contain also a free acid; hence they turn blue tincture of cabbage, red. The acid found in the greatest abundance in grape wines, is tartaric acid. Every wine contains likewise a portion of supertartrate of potash, and extractive matter, derived from the juice of the grape. These substances deposit slowly in the vessel in which they are kept. To this is owing the improvement of wine from age. Those wines which effervesce or froth, when poured into a glass, contain carbonic acid, to which their briskness is owing. The peculiar flavour and odour of different kinds of wines probably depend upon the presence of a volatile oil, so small in quantity that it cannot be separated.

TEA. This substance has been so fully before the public of late, that we shall not enter into Mr. Accum's details, founded on the examination of *Twenty-seven samples of imitation leaves!!!*

"All the samples of spurious green tea, he tells us, (nineteen in number) which I have examined, were coloured with carbonate of copper (a poisonous substance), and not by means of verdigrise, or copperas.*

COFFEE—is counterfeited to an equal extent, principally by means of pigeon's beans and peas.

Respecting SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS there are some interesting facts. Besides the tricks played on the subject of *Proof*—

"The mode of judging by the taste of spirituous liquors is deceitful. A false strength is given to a weak liquor, by infusing in it acrid vegetable substances, or by adding to it a tincture of grains of paradise and Guinea pepper. These substances impart to weak brandy or rum, an extremely hot and pungent taste.

"Brandy and rum is also frequently sophisticated with British molasses, or sugar-spirit, coloured with burnt sugar.

"The flavour which characterises French brandy, and which is owing to a small portion of a peculiar essential oil contained in it, is imitated by distilling British molasses spirit over wine lees;† but the spirit, prior to being distilled over wine lees, is previously deprived, in part, of its peculiar disagreeable flavour, by rectification over fresh-burnt charcoal and quick lime. Other brandy merchants employ a spirit obtained from raisin wine, which is suffered to pass into an incipient ascendency. The spirit thus procured partakes strongly of the flavour which is characteristic of foreign brandy.

"Oak saw-dust, and a spirituous tincture of raisin stones, are likewise used to impart

* Mr. Twining, an eminent tea merchant, asserts, that the leaves of spurious tea are boiled in a copper, with copperas and sheep's dung.

† Wine lees are imported in this country for that purpose: they pay the same duty as foreign wines.

to new brandy and rum a *ripe taste*, resembling brandy or rum long kept in oaken casks, and a somewhat oily consistence, so as to form a durable froth at its surface, when strongly agitated in a vial. The colouring substances are burnt sugar, or molasses; the latter gives to imitative brandy a luscious taste, and fulness in the mouth. These properties are said to render it particularly fit for the retail London customers.

"The following is the method of compounding or *making up*, as it is technically called, brandy for retail;†

	Gallons.
"To ten puncheons of brandy . . .	1081
Add flavoured raisin spirit . . .	118
Tincture of grains of paradise . . .	4
Cherry laurel water	2
Spirit of Almond cakes	2

1207

"Add also 10 handfuls of oak saw-dust; and give it *complexion* with burnt sugar."

Arrack is imitated by adding a small quantity of pyroligneous acid, and some flower or acid of benzoe to rum; and gin is doctored in a variety of fraudulent ways, which often render it expedient to fine it with a solution of sub-acetate of lead—a practice, "highly dangerous, because part of the sulphate of lead produced, remains dissolved in the liquor, which it thus renders poisonous. Unfortunately, this method of clarifying spirituous liquors, I have good reason to believe, is more frequently practised than the preceding method, because its action is more rapid; and it imparts to the liquor a fine *complexion*, or great refractive power; hence some vestiges of lead may often be detected in malt spirit.

"The weakened spirit is then sweetened with sugar, and, to cover the raw taste of the malt spirit, a *false strength* is given to it with grains of paradise, Guinea pepper, capsicum, and other acrid and aromatic substances."

Good Heavens! we think we hear it exclaimed, is there no end to these infamous doings? does nothing pure or unpoisoned come to our tables, except butcher's-meat, which has been rendered far less nutritive than formerly by new methods of feeding? Why, we must answer, hardly any thing: for our author proceeds to shew that *Cheese* (Gloucester he mentions) has been contaminated with red lead, a deadly poison mixed with the colouring anotto, when that article was scarce: that *Pepper* is adulterated with factitious pepper-corns "made up of oil-cakes (the residue of lint-seed, from which the oil has been pressed), common clay, and a portion of Cayenne pepper, formed in a mass, and granulated by being first pressed through a sieve, and then rolled in a cask;" and further, that "ground pepper is very often sophisticated by adding to a portion of genuine pepper, a quantity of pepper dust, or the sweepings from the pepper warehouses, mixed with a little Cayenne pepper. The sweepings are known, and purchased in the market, under the name of *P. D.* signifying

pepper dust. An inferior sort of this vile refuse, or the sweepings of *P. D.* is distinguished among venders by the abbreviation *D. P.* denoting, dust (dirt) of pepper dust†."

As we read on, we learn the method of manufacturing adulterated vinegar, adulterated mustard, adulterated lemon acid, poisonous Cayenne, poisonous pickles, poisonous confectionary, poisonous catsup, poisonous custards, poisonous anchovy sauce, poisonous olive oil, poisonous soda water, and, if not done to our hands, of rendering poisonous all sorts of food by the use of copper and leaden vessels. Suffice it to record, that our pickles are made green by copper; our vinegar rendered sharp by sulphuric acid; our cream composed of rice powder, or arrow root in bad milk; our comfits mixed of sugar, starch, and clay, and coloured with preparations of copper and lead; our catsup often formed of the dregs of distilled vinegar with a decoction of the outer green husk of the walnut, and seasoned with all-spice, cayenne, pimento, onions, and common salt—or if founded on mushrooms, done with those in a putrefactive state remaining unsold at market; our mustard a compound of mustard, wheaten flour, cayenne, bay salt, raddish seed, tumeric, and peas flour; and our citric acid, our lemonade, and our punch, to refresh or to exhilarate, usually cheap tartareous acid modified for the occasion.

Thus devoted to disease by baker, brewer, grocer, &c. the physician is called to our assistance; but here again the pernicious system of fraud, as it has given the blow, steps in to defeat the remedy.

Nine tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy, are vended in a sophisticated state by dealers who would be the last to be suspected. It is well known, that in the article of *Peruvian bark*, there is a variety of species inferior to the genuine; that too little discrimination is exercised by the collectors of this precious medicament; that it is carelessly assorted, and is frequently packed in green hides; that much of it arrives in Spain in a half-decayed state, mixed with fragments of other vegetables and various extraneous substances; and in this state is distributed throughout Europe.

But as if this were not a sufficient deterioration, the public are often served with a spurious compound of mahogany saw-dust and oak wood, ground into powder mixed

† This operation forms part of the business of the so called brewers' druggists. It forms the article in their Price-Currents, called *Spirit Flavour*.

† The common white pepper is factitious, being prepared from the black pepper in the following manner:—The pepper is first steeped in sea water and urine, and then exposed to the heat of the sun for several days, till the rind or outer bark loosens: it is then taken out of the steep, and, when dry, it is rubbed with the hand till the rind falls off. The white fruit is then dried, and the remains of the rind blown away like chaff. A great deal of the peculiar flavour and pungent hot taste of the pepper is taken off by this process. White pepper is always inferior in flavour and quality to the black pepper.

with a proportion of good quinquina, and sold as genuine bark powder.

Every chemist knows that there are mills constantly at work in this metropolis, which furnish bark powder at a much cheaper rate than the substance can be procured for in its natural state. The price of the best genuine bark, upon an average, is not lower than twelve shillings the pound; but immense quantities of powder bark are supplied to the apothecaries at three or four shillings a pound.

It is also notorious that there are manufacturers of spurious rhubarb powder, ipecacuanha powder, James's powder, and other simple and compound medicines of great potency, who carry on their diabolical trade on an amazingly large scale. Indeed, the quantity of medical preparations thus sophisticated exceeds belief. Cheapness, and not genuineness and excellence, is the grand desideratum with the unprincipled dealers in drugs and medicines.

Those who are familiar with chemistry may easily convince themselves of the existence of the fraud, by subjecting to a chemical examination either spirits of harts-horn, magnesia, calcined magnesia, calomel, or any other chemical preparation in general demand.

Indeed, some of the most common and cheap drugs do not escape the adulterating hand of the unprincipled druggist. Syrup of buckthorn, for example, instead of being prepared from the juice of buckthorn berries, (*rhamnus catharticus*) is made from the fruit of the blackberry bearing alder, and the dogberry tree. A mixture of the berries of the buckthorn and blackberry bearing alder, and of the dogberry tree, may be seen publicly exposed for sale by some of the venders of medical herbs.

Instead of worm-seed (*artemisia santonica*), the seeds of tansy are frequently offered for sale, or a mixture of both.

A great many of the essential oils obtained from the more expensive spices, are frequently so much adulterated, that it is not easy to meet with such as are at all fit for use: nor are these adulterations easily discoverable.

Most of the arrow-root, the fecula of the *Maranta arundinacea*, sold by druggists, is a mixture of potatoe starch and arrow-root.

The same system of adulteration extends to articles used in various trades and manufactures. For instance, linen tape, and various other household commodities of that kind, instead of being manufactured of linen thread only, are made up of linen and cotton. Colours for painting, not only those used by artists, such as ultramarine*, carmine†, and lake‡; Antwerp blue§, chrome

yellow||, and Indian ink¶; but also the coarser colours used by the common house-painter are more or less adulterated. Thus, of the latter kind, white lead** is mixed with carbonate or sulphate of barytes; vermilion†† with red lead.

Soap used in house-keeping is frequently adulterated with a considerable portion of fine white clay, brought from St. Stevens, in Cornwall. In the manufacture of printing paper, a large quantity of plaster of Paris is added to the paper stuff, to increase the weight of the manufactured article. The selvaige of cloth is often dyed with a permanent colour, and artfully stitched to the edge of cloth dyed with a fugitive dye. The frauds committed in the tanning of skins, and in the manufacture of cutlery and jewellery, exceed belief.

It is so horribly pleasant to reflect how we are in this way be-swindled, be-trayed, be-drugged, and be-devilled, that we are almost angry with Mr. Accum for the great service he has done the community by opening our eyes, at the risk of shutting our mouths for ever. His account of water is so fearful, that we see there is no wisdom in the well; and if we then fly to wine, we find, from his analysis, that there is no truth in that liquid: bread turns out to be a crutch to help us onward to the grave, instead of the staff of life; in porter there is no support, in cordials no consolation, in almost every thing poison, and in scarcely any medicine, cure. But we proceed to particulars.

WATER.---It is to the presence of common air and carbonic acid gas that common water owes its taste, and many of the good effects which it produces on animals and vegetables. Spring water, which contains more air, has a more lively taste than river water.

Hence the insipid or vapid taste of newly boiled water, from which these gases are expelled; fish cannot live in water deprived of those elastic fluids.

100 cubic inches of the New River water, with which part of this metropolis is supplied, contain 2.25 of carbonic acid, and 4.25 of common air. The water of the river Thames contains rather a larger quantity of

|| Genuine chrome yellow should not effervesce with nitric acid.

¶ The best indian ink breaks splintery, with a smooth glossy fracture, and feels soft, and not gritty when rubbed against the teeth.

** Genuine white lead should be completely soluble in nitric acid, and the solution should remain transparent when mingled with a solution of sulphate of soda.

†† Genuine vermilion should become totally volatilised on being exposed to a red heat; and it should not impart a red colour to spirit of wine, when digested with it.

* Genuine ultramarine should become deprived of its colour when thrown into concentrated nitric acid.

† Genuine carmine should be totally soluble in liquid ammonia.

‡ Genuine madder and carmine lakes should be totally soluble by boiling in a concentrated solution of soda or potash.

§ Genuine Antwerp blue should not become deprived of its colour when thrown into liquid chlorine.

common air, and a smaller portion of carbonic acid.

Rain water collected with every precaution as it descends from the clouds, and at a distance from large towns, or any other object capable of impregnating the atmosphere with foreign matters, approaches more nearly to a state of purity than perhaps any other natural water. Even collected under these circumstances, however, it invariably contains a portion of common air and carbonic acid gas. The specific gravity of rain water scarcely differs from that of distilled water; and from the minute portions of the foreign ingredients which it generally contains, it is very soft, and admirably adapted for many culinary purposes, and various processes in different manufactures and the arts.

Whoever will consider the situation of the Thames, and the immense population along its banks for so many miles, must at once perceive the prodigious accumulation of animal matters of all kinds, which by means of the common sewers constantly make their way into it. These matters are, no doubt, in part the cause of the putrefaction which it is well known to undergo at sea, and of the carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen gases which are evolved from it. When a wooden cask is opened, after being kept a month or two, a quantity of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen escapes, and the water is so black and offensive as scarcely to be borne. Upon racking it off, however, into large earthen vessels, and exposing it to the air, gradually it deposits a quantity of black slimy mud, becomes clear as crystal, and remarkably sweet and palatable.

It might, at first sight, be expected that the water of the Thames, after having re-

ceived all the contents of the sewers, drains, and water courses of a large town, should acquire thereby such impregnation with foreign matters, as to become very impure; but it appears, from the most accurate experiments that have been made, that those kinds of impurities have no perceptible influence on the salubrious quality of a mass of water so immense, and constantly kept in motion by the action of the tides.

Some traces of animal matter may, however, be detected in the water of the Thames; for if nitrate of lead be dropped into it, "you will find that it becomes milky, and that a white powder falls to the bottom, which dissolves without effervescence in nitric acid. It is, therefore, (says Dr. Thomson) a combination of oxide of lead with some animal matter."

There are a great many other excellent observations on the various sorts of water, and the modes of conveying and preserving them for use: it appears generally that leaden pipes and cisterns, and copper vessels are highly dangerous; but we must refer to the book for the details.

Against the before mentioned, and other impositions, Mr. Accum furnishes us with easy and certain tests: his work, besides, contains many curious documents and useful recipes; and it is replete with intelligence, and often guides to the right while it exposes the wrong.

Extracted from the Literary Gazette, Jan. 1820.

THE ANNUAL BIOGRAPHY AND OBITUARY, FOR 1820.

We can so entirely appreciate the difficulties attendant upon editing this annual volume, that it affords us more than ordinary pleasure to notice how very ably they have been, in general, surmounted. The account of Mr. JENNINGS being the most original, we shall quote from it, as a specimen, the description of the latter years of the life of this singular person.

FROM this time, but few particulars of his life are known to me, until he settled at Chelsea, where I first became known to him. This was about the year 1803, at which period he must have been near 72 years of age. On presenting myself at his door, a man servant, with but one eye, and apparently maimed in other parts of his body, announced the name of his visitor. I at first thought my conductor might be an out-pensioner of the neighbouring hospital; but I soon learned that he was a victim, not to war, but to sci-

ence, having been nearly destroyed in the service of his master. On announcing a message from a common friend, I was received with open arms; and, from that moment, all his treasures were subject to my frequent inspection.

As he was sometimes shy of strangers, many applied to me for an introduction; and among others, I had the pleasure to carry to Lindsay-Row some gentlemen belonging to the British Museum. They were chiefly desirous to see and examine the fine collection of shells; and on our retiring, we took a turn on Battersea-Bridge, where, on my demanding their value, they agreed, "that in time of peace, and under favourable circumstances, they might sell for 9000 pounds or guineas."

It was not difficult to discover Mr.

Jennings was a good Latin scholar, and in his collection he possessed fine copies of all the classics; some of these, indeed, were magnificent, both as to printing and binding. He himself was generally accustomed to read those in *usum Delphini*.

Although his house commanded a fine view of the river, he never once deigned to look at the charming prospect. Indeed it would have been difficult, if not impossible, had he been inclined to regale his eye with such a noble object, for his windows were so dirty as to bid defiance to all distinct vision; and indeed they seemed to realize the poetic idea of "darkness visible." This mansion, which had been formerly the residence of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, his school-fellow at Westminster, was occupied in the following manner:—In the front parlour was an immense Arctic Bear, of a white colour, and, if I recollect aright, a winged animal, greatly decayed, which might once have been an eagle. The garden, either before or behind, bore no marks of the spade, the rake, or the pruning-knife; the very walls appeared in a state of complete ruin; the shrubs were allowed to grow wildly luxuriant; while the labours of man never seemed to have been applied to the deserted mould, which was covered with a yellowish moss, and exhibited every mark of desolation.

In the rear were the offices of all kinds, and from the kitchen sallied forth, at the approach of a stranger, his housekeeper, a married woman of about thirty years of age, accompanied by a number of ragged children, of whom as if anxious for the character of her who at last became his only servant, he was accustomed to declare on honour, "that he was not the father."

On the left-hand side of the drawing-room door was to be seen himself—a very old and decrepid man, generally clothed in a brown suit of coarse cloth, with immense large silver buttons awkwardly fastened to the breast of his coat. He constantly wore a small hat, both at home and abroad, and possessed both a white and black beaver, the for-

mer of which was always selected for great occasions. Sitting in an immense arm-chair, lined with carpet; his body was mechanically placed in a reclining position, approaching nearly to the horizontal. This was effected by invariably reposing his legs and feet on a Roman *Triclinium*, which he valued greatly. According to him, "the ancients ought to have known something of health and comfort after a civilization of so many centuries! while, as to us, so lately barbarians, we have not been above a thousand years out of the woods."

This venerable figure, with a sharp and croaking voice, saluted the visitor, whom he recognised by means of a mirror, and to whom he scarcely deigned to turn his head. He appeared to sit enthroned in all the majesty of *Ver-tú*, amidst his books, his pictures, and his shells; and never willingly arose, but to gratify himself and his guest, by exhibiting some or all of these. Among his portraits he had a Mary Queen of Scots; and he boasted that no profane pencil had ever been suffered to retouch it since finished. A painter, however, showed me where it had been evidently *mended*; and on this, as on many other occasions, Mr. Jennings was most assuredly the dupe of the dealers. The picture of the children of Charles I. (Charles II. and James II. &c.), with a fine large mastiff in front, was much praised and valued by him, as *unique*: the original, however, is at Windsor Castle. A landscape, with a rainbow, and some good figures in the foreground, was estimated by its owner sometimes at 2000*l.*, sometimes at 3000*l.*, according to the state of his purse, on account of the shepherds, which were said to have been painted by Rubens. It was knocked down, at the sale, as well as I can recollect, for 40*l.* There was a picture by a young but celebrated artist, of a Venus awaiting the arrival of Mars, surrounded by Cupids blowing conchs and playing on warlike instruments. This he once promised to a gentleman, who had undertaken to consume his body to ashes, by means of fire, and deposit the remains in a sepulchral urn.

The shells, which must be allowed to have exhibited a most superb assemblage, were chiefly arranged in mahogany cabinets, with a sliding glass to every separate box. To procure some of these he had made immense sacrifices, both in respect to the mode of obtaining the money and the sum actually paid. They were placed in due series, so as to exhibit every possible size, from early youth to extreme old age, on the part of the animals inhabiting them. In one which he highly prized, the volute happened to be inverted. To the formation of others some obstruction had been given, and a new process and sometimes new colours were resorted to. On asking him one day what had been the *maximum* price he placed three in my hand, for which he had given 90*l.* to the daughters of a late celebrated physician; and one alone, his many-ridged harp, cost him 120*l.*

Among his other treasures, our *virtuoso* possessed two specimens of the *Gamberonica*, an indifferent one of which was disposed of for 45*l.* at the Duchess of Portland's sale.

Mr. Jennings valued himself greatly on his Venus's slipper, for which he had paid 60*l.*, and I deemed it exquisite till I beheld one in the botanic garden at Paris. It had been obtained during the expedition in search of D'Entrecasteaux, and was presented to Josephine. It is *unique* of its kind.

After admiring these, you were ushered by the happy owner into an anti-room, but not until he had carefully locked his cabinets and his door.

You were finally admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum*, through a passage to the right of which were carelessly piled up a valuable collection of English, French, and Latin books. Their appearance and value wonderfully contrasted with the slovenly manner in which they were thrown together. Of most the leaves were gilded; others exhibited the finest specimens of binding, both British and German; while many in *milk-white vellum* covers, would have dignified the principal shelves of the *amateurs*.

The apartment to which this led was

no other than his own chamber, the bed in which exhibited the most dreary and comfortless appearance; in short, it would have chilled the blood of any but a regular antiquary, who slept here, surrounded by the rarest, choicest, and most precious objects of his ambition.

Here, besides some pictures, &c. was an immense *Beryl*, which, as he frankly owned to me, in his own emphatic language, "he had often pawned for 300*l.*" was an object of considerable curiosity. Perhaps within a foot of this rare gem was deposited, what he was pleased to term his *antediluvian pig*. This was a concave segment of a stone of considerable magnitude and ponderosity, formerly appertaining to the collection of Sir Ashton Lever. It appeared *vitreous*, and represented, as through a glass, the bowels, fat, and even the bristles of a porker, in the most natural order possible; and with a verisimilitude, that could not fail to strike, and to amuse the most careless observer. According to his theory, it was a production evidently anterior to the flood of Noah, and had taken some thousand years to *harden* into, and assume its present form and appearance.

The exhibition always very properly closed with a view of its chief ornament. This was the figure, or rather the bust of a goddess, in *bronze*; but as the materials were said to consist of gold, silver, tin, &c. the appellation, perhaps, of "Corinthian brass," would be rather more correct and appropriate. This ever had been, and still was with him, an object of high esteem, approaching indeed, to adoration. He permitted none but those he termed "presentable people" to gaze on it; he, himself, approached the iron chest, in which his divinity was enshrined, with an apparent degree of awe, and after brandishing the key in a peculiar manner, applied it to the lock with a certain degree of reverence. On being questioned as to the name of the artist, "Praxiteles" was uniformly honoured with mention; and the date of between three and four thousand years, assigned as the epoch of execution, or rather of *creation*. I had almost omitted to mention, that Mr. Jennings valued him-

self greatly on the possession of one other article: this was the rouge box of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, queen of France. The inside was intirely of gold, and the vermilion or *fard* appeared to have been put on by means of a camel's-hair pencil, with a handle of the same metal. The royal arms of France were designated on the rich cover, the whole forming a square of the ordinary size of a snuff-box. Of the originality of this article, there can be no manner of doubt; and to enhance the interest of the spectator, its delighted owner was always accustomed to conclude by observing, "that it had been taken out of her majesty's pocket immediately after her head was cut off by the executioner."

Mr. Jennings wished always to be particularly exact as to the measurement of time, and in the course of his life had a series of *chronometers* constructed for him by the most eminent watchmakers of the day. His last was at least equal to any of the former, in point of workmanship, although perhaps inferior as to price, being inclosed in silver instead of gold cases.

But he valued himself still more on an appendage to it. This was a seal very plainly but handsomely set, which he bought at Naples for a single Paul (a pontifical sixpence). It bore the consular insignia, with this singular motto:

*"Cassius Imperator
Libertate Languescite."*

He was pleased to consider this as a real *antique*, engraved in the camp, with a diamond, and without the aid of a wheel, a little before the fatal battle of Philippi.

Our VIRTUOSO addicted himself at one period to chemistry, and was accustomed to make experiments in his laboratory, until he had nearly become a victim to his love of science. On one of these occasions, like Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff, while professor at Cambridge, he was actually blown up! His valet, who acted as an assistant, and to whom reference has been already made, lost an eye, and he himself received several wounds in his leg. He was accustomed to boast, "that notwithstand-

ing this mishap, with his usual punctuality, he kept an engagement to dinner that very day."

In respect to exercise, he was not only a great advocate for it, but he practised it to a degree scarcely credible for upwards of half a century. He possessed a long and ponderous wooden instrument, capped with lead at both ends, in the management of which he was such an adept, that he boasted of having disarmed the best "small-swordsman in Italy;" and even now, give him but fair play, he "would not be afraid of five or six English housebreakers." Every night, before bed-time, as has been already hinted, he exercised himself with this formidable weapon, until he acquired a comfortable warmth, which enabled him to retire to rest with a genial glow. In the morning, according to his own account, he got up between seven and eight o'clock; and, in his own express words, "flourished his broad-sword exactly 300 times; I then," adds he, "mount my chaise-horse, composed of leather, and inflated with wind like a pair of bellows, on which I take exactly 1000 gallops!" He then retired to enjoy what always appeared to me to be a most miserable and uncomfortable breakfast.

After this meal, he employed himself, when no sale of curiosities was expected in town, chiefly in reading.

After a scanty dinner, which shall be described hereafter,—for our antiquary seldom walked out for exercise,—he still retained possession of his arm-chair and his triclinium, folding the *purple* mantle of dyed flannel over his legs and feet, took a nap, which he termed his *ciesto*, a custom he had first been taught to indulge in during his residence in Italy. After this, either his books or his cabinets occupied his attention until night. At all times of the day, however, he might be occasionally seen adjusting, arranging, and placing his shells in due order; but his choicest and most grateful employment was to *clean*, *purify*, and polish them, on their first arrival from their respective countries. He himself, in former times, has not unfrequently gone on

board East and West India-men, for the purpose of buying these and other rare productions, exactly in the state in which they were torn from their native beds. Of late years, however, he was obliged to purchase at second-hand, and an enhanced value, from the dealers.

I have beheld him, with a green baize apron before and a wet towel in his hand, enjoying the most exquisite delight, after contemplating these in "the rough," applying his brushes to every part, with an unwonted display of vigour. A preparation of spirit of sea-salt having almost instantaneously produced a gentle effervescence, the outward surface began to disappear. Here all the skill of the shell-fancier was displayed; for if the *ley* happened to be too strong, the precious specimens might be damaged, perhaps ruined; and if not sufficiently powerful, the operation proved ineffectual.

Next comes the polish: and what were "his dear delights," when the colours began to brighten;—when the exact form, and shape, and size, were disclosed;—and above all, when any adventitious circumstance happened to heighten the value of the acquisition! At length the pearl-lined *Nautilus*, the radiant *Buccinella*, or the superb *Terebra*, appeared in all its meridian splendour, and the connoisseur, who had found these ugly and hideous objects but an hour before, was now almost ready to fall down and worship them, after the sudden and brilliant change effected by the magic of his own workmanship.

Mr. Jennings had a great attachment to wax candles, which proceeded partly from foreign travel, and partly from frequenting genteel houses in the early period of his life. In 1808, he laid in a supply to the amount of 21*l.*; partly because the maker, who according to him, excelled in this manufacture, might either die or become a bankrupt; and partly with a view to prevent trouble, "as he thought they might last long enough to burn an old man out of this world!" In order to enable him to consume the last half-inch of the wick, and prevent the least particle of the wax from being wasted, he made use

of a silver *save-all*: this consisted of a fine Queen Anne's half-crown piece, in excellent preservation. A Queen Anne's farthing, which is infinitely more valuable, or even an Otho, would have been used on a similar occasion, had it been deemed more convenient for the purposes of *economy*: this, like the rod of Aaron, swallowed up all other competitors.

After noticing many of Mr. J.'s eccentricities, the memoir says—

Death usually puts a conclusion to all singularities; yet in his case, he determined to prove singular even then. Abhorring the idea of his corpse being consigned to the cold *earth*, he resolved to have recourse to the ancient rite of *cremation*. This was a circumstance so generally known, that his neighbours supposed he had an oven within his house, for the express purpose of reducing his body to ashes.

Having pitched upon a gentleman in the vicinity, he frankly opened his mind to him; and demanded if he had courage enough, despising all vulgar prejudice, to stand by and see his body publicly consumed by fire? "Yes," replied his neighbour, "I will burn your corpse on the centre arch of Battersea bridge, if you so desire: and that, too, in spite and in sight of all the proprietors." "How is that possible?" demanded Mr. Jennings. "Nothing more easy," rejoined the other, "it is only placing your corpse in a car, dressed in a pitched shirt, and surrounded by combustibles—I myself shall apply the match soon after the body leaves the place of your present abode; and when you arrive mid-way, between the two toll-houses, I intend to pull out the linch-pins. You can then consume at leisure, and without danger, notwithstanding it is a wooden bridge."

This whimsical proposition was instantly agreed to in the presence of myself, and his Venus was to be the reward. But a coolness between the parties afterwards ensued; and the mother of love being seized in execution, was actually sold for a vile price, in the presence of the indignant legatee.

His goddess has been already mentioned, but it remains to be told, that

for the first six months after obtaining possession of such a prize, she was constantly seated, during dinner, at the head of his table, with two footmen, in laced liveries, behind ; while the most costly viands were placed in succession before her, by way of oblation to her immortal charms !

He died in the rules of the King's Bench, and the narrative thus concludes—

The fate of Mr. Jennings has been eminently singular, and the flux and reflux, the ever-varying ebbs and flows of his fortune appear so strange as to be almost paradoxical. At an early period of life we behold him mingling in the crowd of wealthy pilgrims who repaired to Italy about half a century ago, to pay their devotions at the shrine of taste and *vertu*. He returned at length, like old Tradescant, with shells, statues, minerals, gems, and the finest specimens of natural history in his train.

After keeping company with foreign princes and princesses, he associates with the first nobility in his native country, and then, by a fatal reverse, spends some years of his life, partly within the

walls of a provincial, and partly of a town gaol. Recovering as if by magic, from his embarrassments, we next behold him emerging above the horizon of distress, and throwing away a second fortune at Newmarket, where he became the dupe of titled and untitled jockeys.

Sudden and inevitable ruin now seems to overtake him, and he is apparently lost for ever ; but lo ! in the course of a very short period, he once more revisits the circles of fashion, and sits enthroned in a temple, surrounded by the most rare and brilliant productions of nature, with pictures, and statues, and gems, and shells, and books, and goddesses, perpetually before his eyes ! Again the scene changes : the wand of some envious necromancer seems to be waved over his venerable head ; and the acquisitions of ages, the wreck of his estates, every thing most precious in his eyes ; his very "household gods" are all seized by the unholy hands of vile bailiffs : and he himself, after languishing for two or three years in a prison, at length dies unheeded, unattended, and almost unknown, within the purlieus of the King's Bench.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ANASTASIUS : OR, MEMOIRS OF A GREEK.

WHILE vainly endeavouring to trace the masterly hand of him who has entertained the United Kingdom with such works as *Waverly*, *Rob Roy*, and the *Tales of My Landlord*, in a production recently ushered into public notice, as emanating from that deservedly popular writer, the present volumes were put into our hands ; we thus experienced a most seasonable relief from a task no less wearisome than fruitless, while the perusal of a few chapters convinced us there are writers on this side of the Tweed, who do not require the aid of borrowed light, to adorn the constellation of living genius, and that notwithstanding the well merited estimation in which the northern luminary's prosaic efforts are held, ANASTASIUS is destined to create an almost if not equally powerful sensation both in the literary and

fashionable world, for need we add, that there is a fashion of literature as well as of modes ! Without any derogating from the salutary effects of those works which are exclusively founded on fiction, we have always been induced to regard such as blend fact and imagination, as calculated above all others to excite a deeper interest and stronger moral effect. The cause of thus distinguishing between two species of composition, so widely different in their nature, though perhaps equally amusing to the majority of novel readers, is, we presume, too obvious to require any explanation. That they obtain a more permanent celebrity than the former, is evident from a reference to facts which come within the daily observation of those who are in the habit of remarking the tide of public opinion in matters of

taste, and while lately discussing the subject, with a friend who is extremely fond of "catching the manners living as they rise," he went so far as to say that, in proportion as civilization advanced, so would the popularity of works of fiction yield to that acquired by the more impressive and solid materials of historical narration; be this as it may, we are inclined to believe that these two qualities have seldom if ever been more happily combined, to render a book at once instructive and agreeable, than in the work from which we are about to present our readers with a few extracts.

At a time when many valuable publications published under the title of "Travels," are, as it were, overlooked in the general mass, owing to the rapid succession of such productions, we cannot too highly applaud the talent and ingenuity, which have enabled Anastasius to avoid the oblivious doom of too many contemporaries; for, by covering his extensive peregrinations with the pleasing mantle of occasional fiction, he was enabled to enrich his book by a power of narrative, dialogue, and description, that seldom falls to the lot of any writer, while it cannot fail rendering these volumes singularly attractive.

It has been justly observed, that the hero of this *historical romance*, if we may thus term it, is the Anacharsis of modern Greece; but from the diversified nature of his adventures, original humour, and surprizing acquaintance with manners and customs, that could only result from the most acute research and persevering observation, it might also be said that Anastasius is to the countries he describes, what *Gil Blas* was to Spain. Thus designating a work, which, if it displays less learning than that of Barthelemy, is perhaps equally accurate, and infinitely more entertaining. Having risked these unlimited praises, it remains for us to justify them, by enabling the reader to form his own judgment.*

The system of governing the Turkish provinces is capitally illustrated in the chapter wherein his official avocations are described. The mode of set-

tling disputes among litigants in Egypt is somewhat more simple than we are accustomed to.

"In Europe, they say, the law demands a long apprenticeship: it is not so among Mahommedans. The Koran and its commentaries decide every case—from a point of faith to a right of gutter—in a few seconds. The form of trial is simple. Every man pleads his own cause: and wonderful is the readiness of the Egyptian in finding answers to every interrogatory, excuses for every action, witnesses to every fact, and sureties for every engagement. I remember a poor fellow who, called upon for his respondents, and having none on earth, had recourse to heaven. Imam Aly was the one he chose: nor durst the other contracting party, albeit a little startled, refuse so respectable a security: however distant the abode of the Imam, and difficult the task of enforcing his appearance!"

The death of Osman, a rival in Suleimen's good graces, paves the way for Selim's promotion to another dignity: and this is speedily followed by his marriage to the lady Khadidge, who is thus portrayed on the wedding-day.

"All things being ready for my nuptials, the ceremony began. My bride was conducted to the bath in state, lest the world should remain in ignorance of her cleanliness. Properly steamed, stretched out, and pumiced, she next went through the labours of a toilette so exquisite, that on its completion not one among her beauties remained nature's own! Several hours were employed in twisting her hair into the semblance of whipcord, in adding to the one hundred and fifty plaits which adhered to her own head, two hundred and fifty braids more, the produce of other scalps; and these were formed into an edifice at once so elegant and weighty, that she could have wished for a second head, merely for common use. Her eye-brows were only dismissed the artificer's hands, after being shaped into exact semicircles; and her eyes were not deemed to possess all their requisite powers, until framed in two black cases of surmeh. Henna, the symbol of joy, which already had been most liberally

* See last Ath. page 19.

bestowed upon the epistles which communicated my marriage to my patron's numerous clients, was lavished in still greater profusion on my bride's own plump and lustrous person ; and made it emulate the colour which no doubt Isis displayed, when doomed to roam through Egypt's plains in the undignified shape of a red cow. After all these pains, taken for the sake of beauty, the lady was, on the score of modesty, wrapped up in so many veils impervious to the eye, as scarce to escape suffocation ; but the most celebrated *awal*is of the capital took care to inform the assistants in their epithalamiums, of the splendour of the charms and jewels which they are not allowed to see."

The circumstances attending our hero's nuptials are extremely ludicrous, and he is not long in discovering that he had only changed from a lord's dependent to a lady's slave ! The details which follow relative to his domestic concerns, tyranny of the Egyptian rulers, and a war amongst the Beys, furnish a lively, and doubtless a very faithful picture of things in that country.

He leaves that country previous to the famine which completed its calamities ; and in describing the prayers of the people, he spreads before us a striking panorama of the curse.

"I had left a storm gathering in Egypt, of which I since have thanked God I witnessed not the bursting. Already previous to my departure the scarcity had begun to appear in many places : but it was only after I left the country that the famine attained its full force ; and such was, in spite of every expedient of human wisdom, or appeal to Divine mercy, the progressive fury of the scourge, that at last the *Schaichs* and other regular ministers of worship, —supposing the Deity to have become deaf to their entreaties, or incensed at their presumption,—no longer themselves ventured to implore offended Heaven, and henceforth only addressed the Almighty through the interceding voices of tender infants ; in hopes that, though callous to the sufferings of corrupt man, Providence still might listen to the supplications of untainted child-

hood, and grant to the innocent pray-ers of babes, what it denied to the agonizing cry of beings hardened in sin. Led by the *Imams* to the tops of the highest minarets, little creatures from five to ten years of age there raised to Heaven their pure hands and feeble voices ; and while all the countless myriads of Cairo, collected round the foot of these lofty structures, observed a profound and mournful silence, they alone were heard to lisp from their slender summits entreaties for Divine mercy. Nor did even they continue to implore a fertility, which no longer could save the thousands of starving wretches already in the pangs of death. They only begged that a general pestilence might speedily deliver them from their lingering and painful agony : and when, from the gilded spires, throughout every district of the immense *Masr*, thousands of infantine voices went forth the same instant to implore the same sad boon, the whole vast population below with half extinguished voices jointly answered, "so be it !"

"The humble request God in his mercy granted. The plague followed the scarcity, and the contagion completed what the famine had begun. The human form was swept away from the surface of the land, like the shadows of darkness which the dawn puts to flight. Towns, and villages, and hamlets innumerable were bereft of their tenants to a man. The living became too few to bury the dead. Their own houses remained their cemeteries. Where long strings of coffins at first had issued forth, not a solitary funeral any longer appeared. Hundreds of families, who had fled from famine to Syria, were overtaken by the plague in the midst of their journey, and with their dead bodies marked their route through the desert. Egypt, smitten by the two fold visitation, almost ceased to appear inhabited ; and both plagues at last disappeared, for want of further victims to slay."

In Arabia the hero of the tale performs pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina, and his views of these and other Arabian customs are of the most attractive kind. Thence to Constantinople, Chio, (where his father dies before he

can see his son), and again to Egypt. we with great delight follow the adventurer and a friend named Spiridion. At Cairo, the account of a miser's death forms a fit sequel to our preceding extract.

"The reader may remember the dreadful famine which I had left hanging over Egypt. Emin, on this occasion, was one of the provident. During the years of plenty he had laid by for those of want. But, like the ant, he laboured for himself, and cared not to share his savings with the idle. Though his granaries groaned under their loads of corn, he saw unmoved the thousands of wretches who every day perished with hunger under their very walls. When the bodies of the sufferers choked up the entrances of his store-houses, he still refused to unbar their surly gates, until the corn had reached the exorbitant price fixed by his avarice. This is at last attained;—and now, exulting at the thoughts of the millions he should make in a few hours, Emin took his keys, and opened his vaults. But O horror, O dismay! Instead of the mountains of golden wheat he had accumulated, he only beheld heaps of nauseous rottenness. An avenging worm had penetrated into the abodes fortified against famished man! A grub had fattened on the food withheld from the starving wretch! While the clamour of despair resounded without, a loathsome insect had in silence achieved within the work of justice. It had wrought Emin's punishment in darkness, while his crimes shone in the light of heaven! The miser's wealth was destroyed, the monster's hopes were all blasted! At the dire spectacle he uttered not a word. —He only a few minutes contemplated the infected mass with the fixed eye of despair; then fell,—fell flat on his face upon the putrid heap. God had smitten him! On raising his prostrate body, life had fled. Like his corn, his frame was become a mass of corruption!"

Selim Aga's approach to Scutari, on the Asia Minor side of the Dardanelles, is marked by one of those philosophic reveries that frequently interrupt the

course of his narrative, which terminates by a picture that we request our readers to contrast with his description of Siambool, already submitted to their perusal in our last Number:

"I still continued impressed with the wisdom of securing the present, and committing the whole task of my happiness to the sense, when I began to discover Scutari, the principal outpost of the capital on the Asiatic shore; and in the neighbourhood of that city,—edging the horizon,—the black streak of cypress groves that mark its immense cemeteries, the last resting place of those who, dying in Constantinople, fear that their bones may be some day disturbed, if committed to the unhallowed ground of Europe.

"A dense and motionless cloud of stagnant vapours ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar a chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts; and as he approaches them, an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and exhaling a cold sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow shaking ground, which loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step. So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this spot with the sad relics of mortality,—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents, that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarce counts a single inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of mouldering bodies, and its gardens of blooming sepulchres in every direction stretch far away across the brow of the hills, and the hollow of the vallies: already are the avenues which cross each other on every side in this domain of death so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, has to travel many a mile between endless rows of marshalled tombs shaded by mournful cypresses, ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end; and and yet every year does this common

patrimony of all the heirs to decay still exhibit a rapidly increasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower beds of graves."

From having already stated on the authority of a contemporary, that the high honour, and, we doubt not, lasting fame of this production, belongs to Mr. Thomas Hope, we are by no means in-

clined to tear the imperishable wreath from his brow. But however extravagant it may appear, owing to the self-evident difference of sentiments and opinions between the two writers, we have, while perusing several passages in the Memoirs, often been impelled involuntarily to exclaim, "surely this is Lord Byron!" So much has the spirit and manner of his lordship found its way into the mind of Anastasius!

THE CABINET.

From the Monthly Magazines, February 1820.

MEASURE OF TIME.

WE observe that, in the Mosaic account, "the evening and the morning" are described as "the first day." This mention of the evening before the morning, in the description of the space of time called a *day*, is to be noted in the most ancient authors. It is curious that we, in modern English, preserve this mode of expression. We describe seven *days* by the word *se'nnight*, and fourteen *days*, by *fortnight*.

ANECDOTES.

DR. LASSENIUS, CHAPLAIN TO THE DANISH COURT.

John Lassenius, who died at Copenhagen, in 1692, was a celebrated divine, and a prolific author of his time. It is related of him, that he used always to stop in the middle of his sermon to take a cordial in a glass of wine, in the presence of the congregation, and then proceed with his discourse.—Another anecdote of this man is so singular, that we are inclined to doubt its truth. It is as follows:—Lassenius, who had for a long time perceived to his vexation, that during his sermon the greatest part of the congregation were asleep, suddenly stopped, pulled a shuttlecock from his pocket, and began to play with it in the pulpit. This extraordinary circumstance naturally attracted the attention of that part of the congregation who were still awake. They jogged those who were sleeping, and in

a short time every body was lively, and stared up to the pulpit with the greatest wonder. This was just what Lassenius desired: for he immediately began a most severe castigatory discourse, saying, "When I announce to you sacred and important truths, you are not ashamed to go to sleep, but when I play the fool you are all eye and all ear!"

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

We extract the following from the Journal of the department of the Meuse. It affords a fresh instance of *spontaneous combustion*, to which all, but particularly women, are liable, who indulge in the excessive use of spirituous liquors:

"The widow Godard, aged 55, who lodged in the house of the Sieur Schelaide, at Saint Mibiel, in this department, and who was addicted to intemperate drinking, was burnt in her apartment on the night of the 1st of January, 1819. About three o'clock in the morning, the Sieur Schelaide discovering a fœtid smell of burning through the partition which separated his apartment from that of the widow Godard, proceeded to force open her door. He found her lying on her left side, with her knees bent in the attitude of a person sitting; light flames were flitting above the body, which he easily extinguished with water, as the hydrogen gas was nearly exhausted. The clothes were entirely burnt, except a portion

round the waist, the fragments of the stockings, and one of the shoes. A wicker chair, which was standing near the body; and a handkerchief which the diseased had worn on her head, were but little damaged. The head was only partially scorched, and the rest of the body was generally but unequally burnt. The stomach was entirely carbonized. An earthen chafing-pan, containing charcoal, was found near the body.—*Lit. Gazette.*

The History of France from the earliest periods to the second return of Louis XVIII. &c. By Frances Thurtle.

In order to shew the pleasing manner in which this new work by Miss Thurtle is written, we present our readers with the following passages.

THE INQUISITION

In the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

During the reign of these princes, and in the pontificate of Innocent VIII. the inquisition was established for the prosecution of heresies. It was originally intended to take cognizance of only the Jews and the Moors: the latter of whom, by the fall of Grenada, the capital of the ancient Moorish kingdom of that name, after a gallant defence under its last King, had lately become the subjects of Ferdinand and Isabella. The inhabitants were allowed the possession of their houses, goods, and fortunes, and the free exercise of their religion was promised them. But this last article was basely infringed by the introduction of the *mild* and *persuasive* means of conversion practised by the inquisition! So rapidly and widely did this tribunal extend its influence, that during the sway of Torquemada, the first inquisitor general, it is calculated that no fewer than 6000 persons were burnt by its order; and upwards of 20,000 fell victims to its power in various ways!

‘THE SICILIAN VESPER.’

On the eve of Easter-day, when the French and Sicilians were going to the church of Monreale, near Palermo, a Sicilian bride happening to pass, a

young Frenchman, called Droguet, grossly insulted her; which so enraged her countrymen, that the offender and two hundred Frenchmen immediately fell victims to their rage. ‘Kill the French!’ was now heard in every direction, and the flame spread far and near. The whole of Sicily followed this barbarous example; neither sex nor age were spared: not only the French themselves, but those who were in any way connected with them by the ties of relationship, shared the same unhappy fate. This massacre (in the 13th century) is generally called the *Sicilian Vespers*.

‘THE BATTLE OF THE SPURS.’

Henry VIII. of England invaded France; where the Emperor Maximilian served under him as a volunteer, though, in fact, he commanded all the operations of the campaign. Terouane was besieged by the allies, and a famous battle was fought in its environs, at Guinegate, known by the name of the *battle of the spurs*, because the French cavalry in that engagement made more use of their spurs than their arms. The capture of this place opened a free passage to Paris; but the allies, instead of profiting by this favourable opportunity, laid siege to Tournay.—*La Belle As.*

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENON.

Those who have travelled in mountainous countries must have often remarked that even in a strong wind, a cap of mist will frequently involve the summit of a single hill; appearing to be in a state of absolute rest, while the neighbouring clouds are sweeping rapidly along under the influence of the gale. This existence has sometimes been attributed, either to the existence of partial currents of air, or to some pure electrical condition of the hill, which gave it the power of retaining a covering of vapour within the sphere of its influence. On the occasion to which I allude, the true nature of this very common phenomenon was apparent; while a beautiful example of the formation of clouds, in a transparent atmosphere, was at the same time present—

ed, attended with other circumstances less easy of explanation.

The wind was north-east, and the breeze, which had blown moderately all the day, began to freshen considerably as the sun went down. Not a cloud was to be seen in the whole hemisphere, while the sun was above the horizon. The island of Rum was about three miles to the westward, and its two most remarkable summits, Halival and Haiskeval, were visible, the vessel being in such a position, beating to windward, as to preserve a parallel with the current of wind and the land. Shortly, a cloud appeared hovering over one of the mountains, and maintaining a constant distance, at an elevation of two or three hundred feet above it, never approaching or receding from it materially; while a similar cloud involved the other, resting on, and surrounding, its sides at a considerable distance below the summit. The freshness of the breeze seeming to be at variance with this appearance, I was induced to watch it more narrowly. The detached cloud was perpetually undergoing various and rapid changes; altering its form, magnitude, and density, in a most capricious manner, but still maintaining its distance from the top of the hill. After observing it for an hour, it was perceptible that it was receiving a constant increase at one end, and undergoing a constant correspondent diminution on the other; its average size remaining the same. On the side from which the wind came, a thin faint vapour began to form at a certain distance from the mountain. This gradually increased in size and density as it drew nearer, and, having arrived at a point over the top of the mountain, it appeared to have acquired its maximum, forming a thick black cloud. In a minute or less it retired in the direction of the current of air, diminishing in density as it receded from the mountain; and, having reached a distance equal to that at which it first began to form, it suddenly dissolved and disappeared, its place being uninterruptedly supplied by a fresh formation.

The cloud which rested beneath the summit of the other mountain, seemed

for a considerable time in a state of absolute tranquillity, undergoing no sudden changes of shape, but forming a dark stratum. It was soon, however, obvious, that this also was in a similar state of constant renovation and waste, although its changes of figure were much less apparent; and that this mountain, like its neighbour, was causing a perpetual precipitation of fresh vapour from the atmosphere, as far as its influence extended; that vapour being again dissolved in the air as the current drove it from the sphere of the mountain's action.—*Mon. Mag.*

PRECOCITY OF TALENT.

George Bidder, the boy whose wonderful powers in calculation, have attracted so much notice, has been rescued, by a public subscription at Edinburgh, from the degraded situation of a common show, and a fund raised to give him a liberal education. He is now thirteen years of age; and the progress of his mind will be watched with philosophical care, by some of the learned members of the university where he is placed, and of the Royal Society.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

A Clerk in one of the French offices of police, was some time ago appointed to superintend the legal proceedings instituted against a fortune-teller. The inquiry furnished him with some curious information concerning the general principles on which the art is founded; he discovered that upon the whole, it was merely a calculation of probabilities, which, if managed adroitly, might become susceptible of successful applications; and he thought it would be an excellent thing to turn conjuror himself. He began by dividing the workable matter, namely, public credulity, into its two sexes, its four ages, into married and unmarried, masters and servants, clergy and laity, nobles and commoners, &c. He then set down the general accidents common to all classes, the special accidents more common in each, and, finally, the more rare and individual accidents. He thus acquired a mass of about four thousand of the accidents of human life, which

are constantly occurring, it must be confessed—a tolerably good foundation to tell fortunes on.

Whilst he was thus studying the theory of the art, he devoted himself to the practice of a branch no less important; he observed physiognomy, fixed names in his recollection, introduced himself into parties of every description, endeavoured to sift into the secrets of families, and assumed every possible disguise; finally, when he found himself sufficiently rich in materials, and powerful in means, he opened a *cabinet of necromancy*. His success was prodigious; his door was besieged by females, noblemen, tradesmen, ecclesiastics, and even high prelates eagerly thronged to consult him; and with the exception of some few mischances, our conjuror had no cause to regret the resignation of his lucrative post in the police.

One day a loud knocking was heard at his chamber door; he flew to open it; a gentleman entered, well dressed, of good figure, but with his hat so much drawn over his face, that it was impossible to discover his features. "If you are a conjuror," said he, "of course you can guess the object of my visit." "I do not guess," replied the fortune-teller; "I consult the fates in case of necessity, and they enlighten me." "Well! consult them now respecting what I am going to ask you." The conjuror took his cards somewhat disconcerted; he uttered a few unmeaning words, dropped a card, stooped to pick it up, and by this manœuvre caught a glimpse of the features of a gentleman, whom he recognised to be a man of high importance at court. Thus the game was won. He collected himself, shuffled the cards, drew out one which announced a family affair; on drawing out a second, he uttered an exclamation of fear:—"Oh Heavens! I am ruined! A powerful man has laid a snare to entrap me; I cannot continue my operation." The stranger assured him that his fears were unfounded; the conjuror drew out another card, which more positively announced the rank of his visitor. The latter astonished, confessed who he was, adding, that he had come on *his wife's*

account. The fortune-teller knew, as all the world did, that Madam was pregnant; and immediately concluding that the husband had come to learn, whether the child was to be a boy or a girl, he drew his card accordingly: Fate announced a male child. The stranger rose, exclaiming, "a hundred louis, if your prediction prove true, and a hundred stripes with a horsewhip should it be false;" he then took his leave.

It will readily be supposed, that the fortune-teller, not caring to receive the latter portion of the reward, was anxiously on the watch. The lady was delivered of a boy, and the mysterious stranger again made his appearance. He knocked at the door more loudly than ever, and gazing with astonishment at the conjuror, he threw down the hundred louis, and disappeared without saying a word.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON.

At the time when Sir Joshua Reynolds resided in Newport-street, he, one afternoon, accompanied by his sister Frances, paid a visit to the Miss Cotterells, who lived much in the fashionable world. Johnson was also of the party on this tea visit; and at that time being very poor, he was, as might be expected, rather shabbily and slovenly apparelled. The maid servant, by accident, attended at the door to let them in, but did not know Johnson, although he had been a frequent visitor at the house, he having always been attended by the man-servant. Johnson was the last of the three that came in; when the servant-maid, seeing this uncouth and dirty figure of a man, and not conceiving he could be one of the company who came to visit her mistresses, laid hold of his coat just as he was going up stairs, and pulled him back again, saying, "you fellow, what is your business here? I suppose you intend to rob the house." This most unlucky accident threw poor Johnson into such a fit of shame and anger, that he roared out like a bull, for he could not immediately articulate, and was with difficulty at last able to utter, "What have I done? What have I

done?" Nor could he recover himself for the remainder of the evening from this mortifying circumstance.

Johnson, it is well known, was as remarkably uncouth in his gait and action, as slovenly in his dress, insomuch as to attract the attention of passengers who by chance met him in the street. Once, particularly, he was thus annoyed by an impertinent fellow, who noticed, and insultingly imitated him in derision so ludicrously, that the Doctor could not avoid seeing it, and was obliged to resent the affront, which he did in this manner: "Ah!" said Johnson, "you are a very *weak* fellow, and I will convince you of it;" and then immediately gave him a blow, which knocked the man out of the foot-path into the dirty street flat on his back, when the Doctor walked calmly on.

REMARKABLE EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.

About twenty years ago, during a violent thunder storm, the lightning struck a pane of glass in a house door, so that the mistress of the house, who was in the hall behind the door, was cast several paces backwards, and thrown on the floor. She however received no injury, nor was the pane of glass broken. The electric fluid had however left upon it a beautiful painting, (if we may so express it,) resembling, on the whole a head, which was formed of numerous smaller heads. From that time, this pane of glass was never wet with the dew, and never froze, tho' the other panes were affected by the weather as usual. Great care was taken of this remarkable pane, till some days since it was broken by carelessness; when it appeared the lightning had split it, making two panes out of one, and leaving in the middle the traces of the electric fluid. Before it was broken no one could see that there was a division. The parts, which are not much broken, were collected as carefully as possible.—*Lit. Gaz. Jan. 1820.*

DANGER OF PROVERBIAL PHRASES.

A British adventurer had got into high favour at the court of a Turkish pasha. One day the latter was explain-

ing to him a part of the policy by which he hoped to add another pashalik to his dominions.—"Well, right," said the obsequious dependant; "you will undoubtedly very soon have *two strings to your bow*."—The pasha started, and our hapless countryman was never afterwards seen.

NEW WORKS.

On Foreign Hospitals. By H. W. Carter, M.D. F.R.S. one of Dr. Radcliffe's Travelling Fellows from the University of Oxford.

We have lately been overwhelmed with various vapid and impertinent accounts of continental countries by shallow and sentimental tourists, both male and female. We have had multiplied discussions, "thick as Vallombrosa's leaves," upon churches, paintings, palaces, and Roman aqueducts, but nothing, in our opinion, that can bear a comparison with the present publication, either for novelty or importance. It gives a detailed and interesting survey of the "principal hospitals in France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, and the author might have added Portugal," a tract of country embracing, in a physical point of view, the fairest portion of Europe, and eminently pre-eminent for its moral and intellectual energies. We think, and we believe Mr. Carter agrees with us, that in many essential particulars, and especially the treatment of insanity, that the hospitals of the continent are superior to our own: we of course always except from this remark, our institution at York, which, to the best of our recollection, is managed by the Society of Friends. We particularly admire the pure native anglicism of Mr. Carter's style, his simplicity and even severity of diction, and his absolute poverty of tinsel and meretricious ornament. There is also an *amiability* about him which we cannot too much commend, and whenever he has occasion to speak in a censorial manner, it is always done with a tone of mildness and charity, and he appears to be eminently endowed with that extensive tolerance for—

"Fears of the brave and follies of the wise,"

—a tolerance which can only flow from a benevolent mind, and a large acquaintance with, and long observation of, human life. We sincerely congratulate our Alma Mater, that she ranks among her sons such a man as Mr. Carter, and two such able travelling fellows as Dr. Macmichael and the former gentleman.

The Family Mansion. A Tale, by Mrs. Taylor.

Mrs. Taylor is so well known to the public as a writer, that we need only say of the present performance that it possesses all the merits and all the blemishes of her preceding works. Good sense and good principles appear in every page; but delicacy of taste, and elegance of feeling, are not

to be found among her excellencies. Her characters are more likely to please the satirical and the old, than the amiable and the young. We like her better in the purely didactic, than in any attempt at imagination—her pictures are seldom satisfactory ones. Common life is too much like what she represents it to be; but we know not, that looking on its faults and disagreeables thro' the magnifying medium of keen and incessant observations is the way to make them more bearable, or those who sit in the judgment seat either happier or better.

HORACE IN HEBREW! CREDAT JUDEUS!

Me Colehus, et, qui dissimulat metum

Marcæ cohortis, Dacus et ultimi

Noseent Geloni: me peritus

Disceet Iber, Rhodanique potor.

So sung Horace; and thought he had exhausted all the geography, together with all the languages of the world. Had he lived in our day, he might have added to his list of rivers the Wolga and the Don, the Chesapeake and the Oronoko; and to his list of languages the Russian and the German, the Spanish and the French, and the English, with a long *et cætera*, and yet, after all, he would never have stumbled on the singular honour which his works have now received, and which it is our duty to record. M. Benedict Schott, aulic counsellor of the Grand Duke of Darmstadt, has translated the Odes of Horace into the HEBREW LANGUAGE! and proposes to publish them under the title of *Igroth-Morattus*. Those philologists who have inspected the copy, speak of it with applause: but whether it be equal or superior to Asaph the seer, and David the king, our deponent sayeth not. This curious work will be published by the bookseller Lucius of Brunswick.—*New Mon. Mag.*

MISS O'NEILL.

Miss O'Neill, the justly celebrated actress and most amiable lady, has withdrawn herself from public life, and has been led to the hymeneal altar by Wrixon Becher, Esq. a gentleman of large fortune, great respectability, and member for Mallow in the present

Parliament. The marriage took place in Dublin. Mr. Becher allows Miss O'Neill to settle all the fortune she has acquired on her family, and he makes a handsome settlement on herself.

At Newcastle, Mr. Silvertop to Mrs. Pearson. This is the third time this lady has been led to the altar. Her first husband was a Quaker, her second a Roman Catholic, and her third of the Episcopal church. Every husband was twice her own age; at 16 she married a gentleman of 32; at 30 one of 60; and now at 42 she is united to a gentleman of 84.

Died, at Chacewater, about a fortnight since, Elizabeth, the daughter of Joseph Ralph. Though she had reached her 21st year, her height was only two feet ten inches; she was not at all deformed, but rather well-proportioned. During her life, she was never known to laugh or cry, or utter any sound whatever, though it was evident she both saw and heard; her weight never exceeded twenty pounds.

There is now living at Biggar, in Scotland, an old man, named David Dach, who was in the service of the Pretender Charles Stuart, in 1745, and was in several of the battles of the rebel army: he lost the thumb of the left hand at the battle of Preston Pans. At that of Culloden he received four wounds, and was left for dead by the royalists; but he effected his escape, by passing across the King's army, in a cart, covered over with straw. He has in his possession a very curious pistol, which was made him a present by Mr. Murray, the Pretender's secretary; he takes great pleasure in shewing this, as well as in relating his military exploits, and in expressing his attachment to the Stuart family. Although arrived at the age of more than ninety years he can read the smallest print without spectacles, and his memory is so good that he is often referred to in disputes concerning the time of former events. About five months ago he buried his third wife, and he says, that the only reason which prevents him from marrying again, is the fear of not living long enough to see his children settled in the world.

POETRY.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, Jan. 1820.

SONNET, BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD;

(Addressed to Christopher North, Esq. on receiving the last Number of this Magazine.)

HOW sweet when winter, o'er the Yarrow rocks,
Hangs his pale banner, and the speary wood
Groans to the blast, as if in mustering mood—
And on the far bare hills pine the sad flocks—
When the unseen Ice-Queen all the torrents locks,
And with fantastic spray-work plays her pranks
Along Saint Mary's lake and Eltrive's banks,
And, with gold glittering buds and leaflets, mocks
The warm and lovely summer—oh! how sweet—
(Now one moon more hath waned like a dream;
And man is half-forgotten)—come the feet
Of thy kind messenger!—thy wizard gleam
Flashes the world on the lone bard's retreat,
And life is in my ears like a loud stream.

ON THE CHURCH OF KRISUVIK IN ICELAND.

"There was nothing so sacred in the appearance of this Church, as to make us hesitate to use the altar as our dining-table."

Mackenzie's Travels in Iceland.

THOUGH gilded domes, and splendid fanes,
And costly robes, and choral strains,
And altars richly drest,
And sculptur'd saints, and sparkling gems,
And mitred heads, and diadems,
Inspire with awe the breast;

The soul enlarged—devout—sincere,
With equal piety draws near
The holy House of God,
That rudely rears its rustic head,
Scarcely higher than the peasant's shed,
By peasant only trod.

'Tis not the pageantry of show,
That can impart devotion's glow,
Nor sanctify a pray'r:
Then why th' Icelandic Church disdain,
Or why its sacred walls profane,
As though God dwelt not there?

The contrite heart—the pious mind—
The Christian—to that spot confin'd,
Before its altar kneels!
There breathes his hopes—there plights his vows—
And there, with low submission bows,
And to his God appeals.

In realms that touch the northern pole,
Where streams of burning lava roll
Their desolating course:
Sulphureous mountains raging boil,
Blasting th' already sterile soil,
With wild volcanic force;

Where cold, and snow, and frost conspire,
With livid subterranean fire,
To curse the barren lands,
Where deep morasses faithless smile
In transient verdure to beguile,
This humble Fabric stands.

Oh! scorn it not because 'tis poor,
Nor turn thee from its sacred door,
With contumelious pride;
But entering in—that Power adore!
Who gave thee, on a milder shore,
In safety to reside.

Where Zephyr breathes in temper'd gales
Thro' wood-crown'd hills, and gentle vales,
And gentle rivers flow:
And herbs, and fruits, and fragrant flowers,
And flocks, and herds, and shady bowers,
Their varied gifts bestow.

Let no presumptuous thoughts arise,
That thou art dearer in his eyes,
Than poor Icelandic swain;
Who bravely meets the northern wind,
With brow serene—and soul resign'd
To penury and pain.

Where much is given—more is requir'd;
Where little—less is still desir'd;
Enjoy thy happier lot

With trembling awe, and chasten'd fear;
Krisuvik's Church to God is dear,
And will not be forgot.

ON A BRUMAL SCENE.

I HAVE an old remembrance—there are hours,
When clouds, that mantle o'er, with folds opaque,
The calm, clear mirror of the soul, disperse
Like icebergs from the pole; and leave behind
The pristine feelings of our youth unchanged,
Our boyish visions and romantic dreams,
Like landscapes pictured in a quiet lake.

I have an old remembrance—many a year
Hath come, and passed away; and many a smile
Been chased and many a clamorous woe appeased
And many a chance and change come o'er my lot,
Since then—but, from the shadows of the past,
It streams like sunbeams o'er an eastern hill,
And all its feelings thrill along my soul!

Chill is the air; the spirit of the frost
Reigns, with his icy sceptre; vale and field
Are sprinkled o'er with snowy offerings;
And from each leafless bough—what time the wind
Low-toned sighs past—a thousand glimmering shreds
Descending, tinkle on the ground beneath.
Chained are the sluggish waters to the shore;
And icicles, from overhanging shrubs,
Gleam in the sunshine with a sparry light:
Far o'er the surface comes the shadowy depth
Of the steep mountain-banks; and from the ledge,
Over whose downward rocks the river falls,
Comes back the chastened murmur with a tone,
Whose memory conjures up departed years.—
How pale is now the sunshine, pale and soft,
And tender as the faint smiles of a child;
Not on the far blue concave of the sky
Gleams forth one fleecy cloudlet, from the depth
Above me, to the hoary mountain tops,
Far distant, that engird the horizon in.

(Enough.—Between these banks precipitous,)
When school hours were departed, oft—how oft,
Along the crackling ice, with glittering heel,
All eager have I glided; breathing out
The smoky breath in the clear frosty air;
When round me all was motion; and the ice
With many a winding semicurve was traced,
Whitening around, a labyrinthine clue.
Too soon gloomed twilight's feeble ray around,
Too soon the sun departed, while serene,
Above the hills, peeped forth the evening star.

How many a loved companion revelled here—
Alive in every fibre to the smile,
And thrilling touch of pleasure; boisterous
And noisy in their mirth,—like ocean waves,
When winds are piping loud,—but innocent,
And all unpractised in the guileful world.
My soul recoils—I dare not number them—
Oh! fast, and fearfully hath this spoiler death
Thinned their young ranks;—this, sickened at his
home;

And this, in far-off lands; this, like the beam
Of daylight on the western hemisphere,
Died with a slow, invisible decay!

* * * * *

Many yet survive;
Yea, many, but all changed: with blackening wing,
The demon of the world hath scared their hearts
With sorrow, and with sufferings, and with guilt;

And what they were, can be but faintly traced
 In what we find them now ; a grievous change
 Hath shadowed them ; nor more resemblance they
 Bear to themselves of yore, than doth the year,
 Wrapt in the glorious garment of the spring,
 To bleak November on her hill of storms !
 How piercing is the air ! far distant things,
 Girt by a pure translucent atmosphere,
 Seem near : with hoary scalps, the mountains high
 Stretch their gigantic pyramids to heaven ;
 So, to the Roman bard's domestic eye,
 In golden ages past, Soracte stood,
 White with its diadem of snow. 'Tis we,
 Who change, alas ! not nature ; and where I,
 Now moralizing, stray, shall others stray
 To moralize, when I shall be no more !

AN ARABIAN SONG.

I LOVE thee, Ibla !—Thou art bright
 As the whitesnow on the hills afar ;
 Thy face is sweet as the moon by night,
 And thine eye like the clear and rolling star.

But the snow is poor, and withers soon—
 While thou art firm and rich in hope ;
 And never (like thine) from the face of the moon
 Flamed the dark eye of the antelope.

Fine is thy shape as the Erak's bough,
 And thy bosom a heaven—or, haplier, meant
 (If man may guess who crawls below)
 By Heaven for Earth's enchantment.

But the bough of the Erak in winter dies,
 And the heaven hath clouds that dim its blue ;
 Thy shape is as fine when the summer flies,
 And thy bosom is warm and cloudless too.

Thy hair is black as the starless sky,
 And clasps thy neck as it lov'd its home ;
 Yet it moves at the sound of thy faintest sigh,
 Like the snake that lies on the white sea-foam.

Farewell ! farewell !—yet of thee, sweet maid,
 I'll sing—in the wild woods far away ;
 And I'll bear thy name on my shining blade,
 Flower of my own Arabia !

And when I return, with a chieftain's name,
 And many a plunder'd gem for thee,
 I'll ask thee, then, to share my fame
 For all love's sweet eternity.

Lit. Gaz.

EXTRACT

FROM POEMS BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The death of Aurora, a younger sister, loving and beloved, after Aurelia's scorn breaks off that attachment, is exquisitely simple.

OF T would she sit and look upon the sky,
 When rich clouds in the golden sun-set lay
 Basking, and loved to hear the soft winds sigh
 That come like music at the close of day
 Trembling amongst the orange blossoms, and die
 As 'twere from very sweetness. She was gay,
 Meekly and calmly gay, and then her gaze
 Was brighter than belongs to dying days.

And on her young thin cheek a vivid flush,
 A clear transparent colour sate awhile :
 'Twas like, a hard would say, the morning's blush.
 And round her mouth there played a gentle smile,
 Which tho' at first it might your terrors hush,
 It could not, tho' it strove, at last beguile ;
 And her hand shook, and then 'rose the blue vein
 Branching about in all its windings plain.

The girl was dying. Youth and beauty—all
 Men love or women boast of was decaying,
 And one by one life's finest powers did fall
 Before the touch of death, who seem'd delaying
 As tho' he'd not the heart at once to call
 The maiden to his home. At last, arraying
 Himself in softest guise, he came : she sigh'd
 And, smiling as tho' her lover whisper'd, died.

INTELLIGENCE.

NEW WORKS.

TO appear quarterly, The Retrospective Review, consisting of Criticisms upon, Analyses of, and Extracts from, curious, useful, and valuable Books in all Languages, which have been published from the revival of Literature to the commencement of the present Century : edited by a Society of Members of the University of Cambridge.

Southey's Life of John Wesley, which has excited so much expectation, is published.

The River Duddon, a Series of Sonnets ; Vaudracour and Julia, with other Poems. By William Wordsworth.

A Visit to the Manor-house, or the Twelve Days at Christmas ; with Hints for Improvement ; by Mrs. Taylor.

French Exercises ; by Bellecour.

Nina ; an Icelandic Tale.

A Compendious History of the Jews, particularly calculated for the use of Schools and young Persons ; by John Bigland.

Dacresfield, or Vicissitudes on Earth.

A Mother's Journal during her Daughter's last Illness, with a Preface. By Miss Jane Taylor. 12mo.

Varieties in Women.

Character essential to Success in Life ; addressed to those who are approaching manhood. By Isaac Taylor, of Ongar. Fools-cap 8vo.

Earl Osric, or the Legend of Rosamond ; By Mrs. Isaacs.

Among Canova's recent models at Rome, statues of a Magdalene, an Endymion sleeping with a hound by his side, and a Nymph, reclining on a Tiger's skin, are much spoken of.

Sir W. Congreve has, we hear, invented a gun, which will discharge conical shot with a precision hitherto unattained in gunnery.

M. de Lalande, associate naturalist to the king's garden, Paris, is now employing his time in foreign travels. In May 1817, he embarked from the harbour of Brest, in the Golo, one of the king's ships, to visit the isle of Bourbon. He is authorised to remain for some months at the Cape of Good Hope. He will there pursue his researches in botany, zoology, and all the departments of natural history. Afterwards he will proceed on his voyage to India, to prosecute the ulterior and principal objects of his mission in the Indian Seas.